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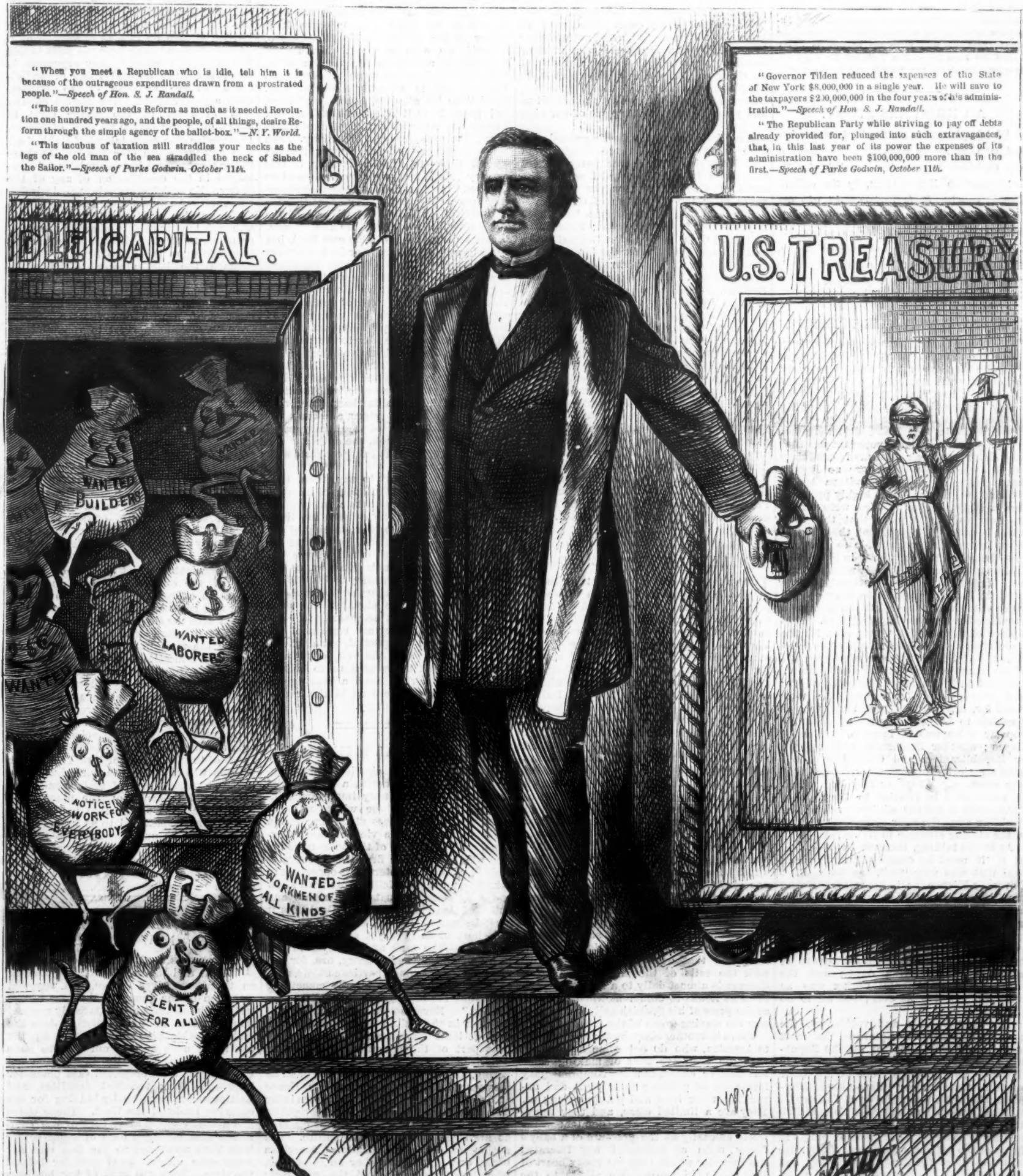


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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1876.

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WHAT THE FINANCIAL POLICY OF TILDEN'S ADMINISTRATION WILL BE.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
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537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1876.

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A CHRISTMAS STORY.

We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that we shall shortly begin the publication of a new Christmas Story, written specially for the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, by the eminent English novelist, B. L. Farjeon. All who are familiar with the graces of Mr. Farjeon's style, his intimate acquaintance with human nature, his thrilling portraiture of life in all its varied phases, and his graphic powers of description, will eagerly welcome this latest production of his pen.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

THE New York Times suggests the "horrible thought" that the Republicans who were so sorely needed to carry Indiana for the Republicans were "talked to death"; and that hypothesis would be a very reasonable one, seeing the quality of the hired talkers who did duty for the Republicans in that State, if it were not for the enormously large vote that was cast for Harrison, their defeated candidate for Governor. No, there were no Republicans talked to death in Indiana before the election, although it is highly probable that a large number of them were talked so near to death's door that they will never be heard of again, and, therefore, it is no more than reasonable to presume that the Democratic majority in November will be much greater than it was in October. Indeed, this must inevitably be the case, for it is not possible to draw out another vote until there shall have been a considerable increase of population. It is a piece of supreme folly, therefore, for the Republicans to class Indiana among the "doubtful" States, as some of the organs of the party do. The October elections were accepted on both sides as a test of strength; and, although only State candidates were voted for, it was understood that the real question to be decided was, whether the popular voice was in favor of Tilden or Hayes; whether Democracy and Reform, or Republicanism and Grantism, should have a majority in November. The reply was decisive. Whatever may be thought or anticipated in relation to the vote of Ohio, there is not the slightest reason for doubting what the vote of Indiana will be in the closing struggle in November.

As to the talking, there was a good deal of it, it must be confessed, and a good deal that was very "tall," on both sides. Governor Morton, as is his wont, shrieked loudly, and waved the ensanguined garment which he has flourished so effectively in times past; Blaine, of Maine, was eloquent all over the State; Kilpatrick was as vociferous as the pay he received warranted; the polished Woodford roared as gently as any sucking dove; and the smiling and sentimental Colfax was as mildly persuasive as ever; but all to no purpose.

The most voluble and vociferous, the most rhetorical and rapturous, the most splurgy and sensational of all the Republican orators who were sent into Indiana to dissuade the Hoosiers from giving their votes to their honest fellow-citizen, Blue-jeans Williams, and in favor of Tilden and Reform, was the redoubtable Colonel Bob Ingersoll, of Illinois. And we are perfectly willing to contribute our meed of praise in favor of the Colonel's rhetorical efforts. He was the most brilliant, sky-rockety and splendid of all the orators employed to influence the vote of Indiana; and if he did not succeed better, the fault was not so much in the style of his oratory as in the cause

he advocated. His mistake was that of his party and his employers. He forgot, or found it convenient not to remember, that the great contest in which the people of this country are now engaged is not waged in the interest of the dead past, but of the living present and the future. The Colonel's exordium of his great speech was a fine piece of rhetoric, which has been extensively circulated by the Republican papers, and may possibly be incorporated in the reading lessons of schoolbooks; it is a proof, if any were needed, that the art of the rhetorician is not altogether extinct, as De Quincey supposed it to be. But what of it? Colonel Ingersoll solemnly exclaims: "The past rises before me!" and then goes on as if what now concerns us most were the past, and not the present and the future. If the past rose before him, it was because he had turned his back upon the present time, or was looking behind him. But that is not the way to gain the attention and work upon the convictions of the living men of the present time. What we are chiefly interested in now is the way things are moving, and not how they did move in the last century or the last generation. The people of Indiana, like the people of New York, and of every other State, want to know what is going to be, and not what has been. They can study the past at their leisure. It is already secure, and cannot be changed. As St. Paul expresses it, in his plain, practical and common-sense way, we must leave the things that are behind us and press forward to the prize of our high calling.

New York is now the battle-ground, and here must be fought the closing and decisive fight. Whichever party carries this State in November will secure the reins of Government for the next four years after the expiration of Grant's unhappy term. The Republicans have been in power now for sixteen years; the country sustained their hands and waited patiently, and suffered steadily, for the fulfillment of the promises that they gave the people on taking power. But the promises were not fulfilled. The disorder in the South and the distress in the North were not what the people had a right to expect. Mr. William M. Evarts, who was always a Republican, said that the Republican Party was like an army whose term of enlistment had expired; and Parke Godwin, who was a Republican from the start, declares that his former political friends and associates have had neither principles nor a policy. It is not for Democrats to dispute these sensible declarations. They are palpably true. What the people now want and mean is a party, or at least an administration, with a positive and reformatory policy, and in order to obtain this New York will give its vote for Tilden and Reform in November. The Republican Party is a party of the past; but the Democratic Party is a party of the present.

INTELLECTUAL ARGONAUTS.

IT is no more surprising that the country we inhabit should attract to its shores myriads of the peoples of other lands than that the iron filing should fly to the magnet when the electrical tremor seizes it. There is so much of glittering song and story wreathed about "the States," that to the limited fancy of the German peasant in his Black Forest cabin, the agricultural laborer in his English cottage, the Italian beggar dreaming his ragged life away in the sunny streets of Naples—to any of these, or any like them, the nation across the broad, blue expanse of the ocean seems, as seems to us the splendid far-away clime of Cathay, or the romantic region of Pizarro and Cortez, whose fire-tipped mountain-peaks glow through the pages of chivalrous history. It is the question of the winsome promise of Fairyland and none other. Sometimes the promise is fulfilled, and sometimes not, but always can be detected the gleam of the magical wand. For a man who lives unhappily in one street, the next has more gorgeous tints in its sunlight. For the man who finds life a dull plodding in the Old World, the Western heavens fairly burn with roseate beckonings. And so it comes about that our enormous immigration is a fact, and that our bay is always white with the sails of the ships which bring thousands almost daily to a land as new to them as it was to Columbus when he stood at the prow of his Spanish galleon and first saw the waving green of the forests.

There is another class, however, attracted to America, who do not come here either with the exclusive idea of making their fortunes, or, except in a few complimentary instances, of pitching their tents and unpacking their lures and penates among us. They are a limited class, and they represent that minority which dominates the world as easily as the pressure of a baby's finger upon an enameled key liberated the monster which tore the rocky heart of Hell Gate in twain. We allude to the minority of brains—the limited class of intellect—the select few who make the moves in the chess-game of life, who

manufacture maps, who construct history, who even mold theological beliefs, and build up and tear down creeds with the ease they devote to the dissection of a butterfly, the discovery of a new planet, the evolution of a fresh truth in metaphysics, or to whatever play of the mind they may have devoted themselves. As is the case in each department of materialistic existence, so in this mystical region there are degrees of excellence. There are sweet singers who simply cheer the fighters on; there is a Tyndall with his startling "prayer-gauge," a Huxley with his protoplasmic suavity, a Froude with his lucid history, and now a Tupper, a true bard, with those lines of "Proverbial Philosophy," which, however much they may have unconsciously invited the sneer of the cynic, have been an unfailing source of mental enjoyment to a very respectable proportion of our reading community.

Although the advent of Martin Farquhar Tupper among us has suggested the train of thought in which we are now engaged, and although the lectures which he will deliver during this, his second visit to the United States, will, no doubt, make his, of the names we have mentioned, the most prominent for some time to come, it is rather of the rationale of his trip, than of himself, we wish to speak. Mr. Tupper undoubtedly represents the domain of intellectuality fully as much as does Mr. Tyndall, but in a vastly different way. Tyndall scales glaciers, lances sunbeams, and rides full-tilt at conservatism; Mr. Tupper never offends the proprieties either of metrical measure or of orthodoxy. Each seeks, however—and Mr. Tupper for the second time—to have a hearing in this country. Each recognizes the fact—and we are proud to see that it is becoming recognized more fully, day by day—that there is a constituency in the New World of the loftiest disciples of literature and science. Dickens was a success in his own land, but he had to visit America in order to discover how enormously his books were read, and how willing his admirers were to pay for the privilege of hearing his recitations. Thackeray never got tired of praising the cordiality with which he was received here. Tyndall said publicly that in the city of Brooklyn he spoke to the most intelligent and sympathetic audience of his life, and it must be remembered that he had even been to Boston when he said it. Huxley's short tour was a series of mutual pleasures. Wilkie Collins has written very kindly of us since his return, and the paragraphical historians of the daily press represent William Black, the author of the "Princess of Thule," as being charmed with his Yankee vacation.

It is no idle boast to say, then, that there is not only a catholicism of intellect in this country, as there is a catholicism of politics, but that the culture, the literary refinement and mental training of our people exercise a powerful attracting influence upon the great minds of the Old World, and draw them towards us, as the golden fables of the money to be picked up in our streets magnetize the peasant hordes. Men of the elevated class we have mentioned must necessarily feel disposed to go where they are certain of obtaining not only a respectful, but a sympathetic hearing, and the frequency with which they visit us induces us to believe that they are certain such a hearing can be obtained as well here as in the rather egotistical Mother Country.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

OUR ordinary Fall elections are complicated this year with a Presidential election of extraordinary importance, involving interests of the widest national scope and consequences stretching far in the unseen future. In view of these elections, and, especially, of the hosts of young men who now for the first time "energize their functions" as voters, it is opportune to ask if they and their fellow-voters all know and appreciate adequately the rights and duties of American citizens. Doubtless it must be conceded that too many of them fall short of so high, yet so reasonable, a standard. The rank and file, even in this free and enlightened country, are, for the most part, but tools of partisan chiefs, and, at election time, play blindly something not unlike the boys' game of "Follow your Leader." Nevertheless, each individual freeman in the United States should know that, at least theoretically, he is a component part of the governing power. The American people govern themselves by voting, and they are governed well or ill as they vote, intelligently or otherwise. Hence an American's highest duty as a citizen is the duty of voting. The franchise is his right by the laws of the land. He cannot claim it as his right by the laws of nature. The notion that every white male of American birth, and not a lunatic or an idiot, has, when twenty-one years old, the same right to a vote that he has to air, or light, or to the wages of his labor, is as erroneous as it is widely prevalent. The like must be

said of the notion that every ragged, illiterate emigrant from Europe who lands on our shores is entitled to the franchise simply by his sex, his avowed intention to become a citizen, and his possible utility as a repeater, or that every emancipated slave of African descent is similarly entitled because he is of full age, of the masculine gender, and of a complexion more or less black. Practically, the right of the individual to take part in the management of national affairs is resolved into the right of saying what he thinks as to the way in which national affairs should be managed; and this he does by means of his vote. But a vote is often much more than simply an expression of opinion. Says a thoughtful writer: "The vote of one man, insignificant as it seems, and small as is the force which it derives from his will, may, in certain combinations of circumstances which nobody can foresee or control, turn the scale in favor of a measure vitally affecting the condition and destiny of a whole nation. Moreover, no man ever casts a vote on a question about which there is any division of sentiment without neutralizing the opinion of somebody else. The immediate result of this is to deprive the voice of one of his neighbors of all weight, or, in fact, to impose silence on him as effectually as if he were dragged away from the polls before depositing his ballot." Any argument in support of the natural right of individuals to the exercise of so tremendous a power might serve almost equally well in favor of the divine right of kings, or of the divine mission of Caesar.

In America, the much-talked-of right of all who pay taxes and obey the laws to share in the Government has never been acknowledged in the constitution of any of the States. No satisfactory scheme—desirable as it may be—has yet been anywhere devised which shall enable the minority, although loosely said to share in the Government, to obtain a direct and recognized influence upon it. As to female suffrage, perhaps the best answer to its advocates is that offered by a reviewer of John Stuart Mill's "Considerations on Representative Government": "True, we must confess with one another, women have an undoubted right to vote, and, we would add, to be candidates for votes; but we are told, on very high authority, that all things which are lawful are not expedient." The same reviewer declares that voting is not a private privilege, but a public duty, and that the citizen is, in the act of voting, a public servant, and as such, is bound to vote, not for the man he likes best, but for the man, even if he hates him, who, in his opinion, will do the best service to the State. Another publicist asserts that a sense of trusteeship—the voter feeling that he holds the suffrage, not as a personal right, but in trust for the rest of the community—ought always to underlie the exercise of the franchise, and is the only sound and safe basis of citizenship.

To inculcate correct notions of voting and of the other rights and duties of American citizens, and, in fine, to impart clear and precise ideas on all subjects connected with the Government and history of the United States, should certainly be held among the most important objects of our American educational system. This centennial year of our national life might well be made memorable by introducing into our common schools, our academies, colleges and universities, throughout the Union, such a gradual and complete course of instruction on political science as was long ago urgently recommended by the Regents of the University of New York. Our schools will thus become nurseries of intelligent patriots and of statesmen. The educational influence of the practice of civic duties, and of the free and popular institutions bequeathed to us by our forefathers, will be quickened and increased. Purity of election and a reformed civil service will no longer be Utopian dreams, and self-government will be a glorious reality.

THE COMMERCIAL FUTURE OF NEW YORK.

THE successful demolition of Hallett's Reef, and the rapid progress making on the East River Bridge, call renewed attention to the commercial future of the metropolis. Nature has apparently marked this island to be at no distant date the most valuable piece of property on the earth, yet until of late our citizens have scarcely seemed to realize it. Boston and Philadelphia have projected vast plans for improving their terminal facilities, and Baltimore has been busily bidding for the carrying trade of the West. These cities had actually stolen away part of the commerce that belonged here of right before New York awakened to the fact that her ways were old-fashioned and far behind the time. Then the eyes of her business men were opened to the fact that the clumsy cart was inferior to the freight-car, and the transportation by horse-power was

no rival for steam carriage. The vast warehouses on the water-front of other cities, connected by lines of rail, were a standing menace to the commerce of the metropolis. Happily the warning has come before any real harm has been done, and the city that has planned the destruction of Hell Gate and the bridging of a great river is not likely now to allow her commercial interests to be really imperiled.

The Cheap Transportation Association, of this city, which is composed of more than four thousand of our leading business men, has had various schemes under consideration, looking towards the improvement of our terminal facilities. One plan which they have recommended to the Board of Aldermen contemplates the use of the rails of the Belt line of street-railway by freight trains drawn by dummies, between the hours of seven in the evening and six in the morning. It is proposed to have switches leading down to the principal wharves, with storehouses at proper distances, so that cars may be easily detached or taken on. The immediate effect of this plan would be to prevent the breaking of bulk into such small loads as carts can carry, and to save a vast deal of time, as well as to remove much of the present inconvenient crowding of vehicles in the lower portion of the city. During the hours in which it is intended to use the dummy-engines there is little or no travel down-town, and, with ordinary care, no harm would come to person or property. The saving of time would be very great. Under the present old-fashioned system, the night hours are just so much time lost to transportation, and the slow travel by day is a perpetual annoyance and loss. If the night were made use of for land carriage, and steam took the place of the horse, the saving to commerce would foot up a very handsome revenue to our city. Possibly some better plan than this may be presented hereafter, but this bears the stamp of approbation from some thousands of our leading men of business, and therefore deserves due consideration. It would be very valuable if for no other reason than that it shows how New York has awakened to the needs of her vast and growing commerce. It is a good sign for her future when the question of improving her terminal facilities is so earnestly pressed upon public attention.

Closely akin to the subject of the more rapid and convenient transportation of freight, is the need of quick transit for our population between the upper and lower limits of Manhattan Island. In no other city of a million souls would its inhabitants be content to depend for their locomotion upon the ordinary jog of a quadruped, and hang to the car-strap for an hour or two on their weary way to and from their homes. If it were not that we are the most good-natured people in the world, we would some day make a bonfire of street-cars, and invite a select company of directors to enjoy the inflammatory spectacle. For twenty-five years we have been thinking over the idea of quick transit—with a slowness of decision in every way worthy of our Dutch ancestry—and in the meantime we have seen Brooklyn and Jersey City built up by a population that properly belonged to Manhattan Island, while large colonies have been sent to surrounding suburbs. So far as the property-owners of the city are concerned, it has been a suicidal policy of neglect. An effort was made to remedy the evil by the establishment of an elevated line of railway, but it is insufficient for the demands made upon it, and, at best, only accommodates a small section of the city. It has been hampered also by repeated injunctions, and work on a companion road has been completely checked. Under Broadway, in the line of the City Hall Park, is a section of the proposed Pneumatic Railway, in full running order, but destined never to know a resurrection to life. In the southeast corner of the Park stands a gorgeous fountain, which was erected to occupy the proposed depot of an underground railway. One after another the schemes of capitalists have thus been brought to naught, and one flourishing branch of business after another has sought a home outside of our limits, because it was necessary and cheaper to follow the workmen to their suburban homes. The natural result is that a large part of this island, and, indeed, the most beautiful part of it—that which looks out upon the Palisades—awaits the coming of the architect and builder, while there is yet much waste land in every direction above the Central Park. Fifty thousand houses are to-day wanted in the city of New York, rather than in New Jersey or out on Long Island, but the lack of facilities for quick transit keeps this large amount of population from our borders.

This state of affairs is certainly very suggestive to all who may have to do with its remedy. There is quite as certainly a need of an immediate and comprehensive change for the better. The improvement of our terminal facilities, and the promotion of rapid transit for our population are problems worthy the closest study of all citizens.

A SECEDING COLONY.

THE English press is agitated just now over a dissension which bids fair to create a rupture in one of the most important of Great Britain's colonial possessions. The Province of British Columbia threatens to secede from the Dominion of Canada. The Dominion Government—a sort of confederation under the Governor-General representing Queen Victoria—and now comprising all the British American provinces—had considerable difficulty, as our readers may recollect, in inducing the citizens of British Columbia to sacrifice their social identity by uniting with it. They were eventually induced to accede to the proposition by a promise on the part of the Dominion Government to construct a line of railway from Canada across the Continent to that remote spot on the Pacific Coast. It turns out now that the project, on closer investigation, promises to be more expensive and less inviting in a pecuniary view than was at first imagined, and the Dominion Government does not display that readiness to redeem its pledge which was anticipated. Canadian railroads have not, as a rule, proven remunerative investments to their shareholders, and the capabilities of a vast stretch of track across the North American wilderness can scarcely present themselves in a very flattering aspect before the minds of prudent capitalists. The British Colonial Secretary, the Earl of Carnarvon, a short time ago proposed terms of arrangement which were favorably received by the British Columbians, as regards the time and manner of executing the work, but the Canadians, upon whom the burden of the job will devolve, decline to accept them; whereupon the Columbians seriously threaten to secede, and a movement has been set on foot to bring about a repeal of the Act by which they were incorporated in the Dominion Confederation. The enthusiasm with which they received and entertained the popular Governor-General, the Earl of Dufferin, whose recent visit to British Columbia has been so brilliantly described by a correspondent of the *World* shows, however, that they are still loyal and attached subjects of the English sovereign. The Earl of Dufferin's journey was undoubtedly prompted in a large degree by a desire to propitiate his new and now reluctant subjects, as well as to acquaint himself with the local characteristics of that trans-continental acquisition. Despite his hospitable entertainment by the Columbians, he seems to have signally failed in accomplishing the first-mentioned purpose, as, in the week following his departure from Victoria last month a meeting of citizens of that place unanimously resolved that, in case the Dominion Government persists in ignoring Lord Carnarvon's railroad plan, the representatives of the Province are to move in the Dominion Parliament for a separation of British Columbia from the Dominion and its restoration to colonial independence. It is probable that the incongruity so earnestly deplored by the English papers of the Queen's representative being compelled to traverse the United States over Yankee railways in order to go from one portion of his territory to another, will be obviated by the elimination of a portion of that territory.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING OCTOBER 14, 1876.

Monday.....109	@ 100%	Thursday.....109	@ 100%
Tuesday.....108	@ 103	Friday.....109	@ 109%
Wednesday.....109	@ 109%	Saturday.....109%	

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

MAN IN GEOLOGY.—A remarkable discovery in both archeological and geological points was made near Hartford, Connecticut, October 12th. Two farmers of North Canton, while engaged in digging a watering-place for cattle on their farm, came upon two slabs of light-colored sandstone, bearing the strong, clear imprint of a left human foot, and two tracks of a gallinaceous bird, the stride of which measures eleven, and the spread of the claws four, inches. Four inches is also the distance between the heel of the bird's foot and the end of the middle claw. The finding of these bird-tracks in Connecticut sandstone is nothing remarkable of late years, but this is the first vestige of humanity yet discovered. The foot measures eleven inches in length, and is well-proportioned, except that the inferior toes are unusually long, and the great toe is unusually short. The soil in which these tracks are found is gravelly, evidently a deposit consisting of comminuted clay and fine sand, and the slabs are light-colored, thus differing from the Portland brown stone. The curiosities were taken to Hartford, and a great crowd was attracted by them. The attention of savans will be at once called to them.

CENTENNIAL APPEALS.—The United States Centennial Commission, at a recent executive session, appointed a special committee of five of its members on appeals, and referred to them all contests, appeals, and communications from exhibitors claiming that injustice had been done them in any matter relating to the examination of their products and the reports of the Judges of Awards. It was made the duty of the committee to carefully consider such cases and report to the

commission for final action. Messrs. Morrell, McConnell, Dufur, Corliss, and Kimball, chairman, were constituted the committee. It is alleged that in the examinations of the Judges certain displays were overlooked in consequence of imperfections in the catalogue or by the exhibitors not present to display their goods at the appointed time. Of the cases thus far presented, it is estimated by the members of the committee that two-thirds are from exhibitors whose displays were passed upon by the group juries, and not thought worthy of awards. All these will be ruled out by the committee under the limitation confining them to cases in which the exhibits were not examined, the exception being when the parties claim to be able to show that the Judges were improperly influenced or biased. The cases legitimately within the province of the committee and now pending number from fifty to seventy-five, and are not likely to exceed 100.

TWEED'S ESCAPE FROM CUBA.—Information from the United States steamer *Franklin* dated at Vigo, Spain, September 27th, says that Tweed may be expected in this city about October 25th, but the officers at the Navy-Yard think it possible the steamer may reach here by October 18th. William Hunt sailed on the *Franklin* with Tweed, and will be surrendered with him on the arrival of the vessel. Tweed's escape from Cuba was under the most painful circumstances to him. The United States Consul at Havana, on discovering his presence in that city, reported the fact by telegraphing to Secretary Fish at Washington. The Secretary directed the consul to at once secure Tweed. The latter obtained information of these orders, and escaped to Santiago de Cuba, but the pursuit here becoming very warm, he was forced to go aboard the *Carmen*, a vessel about to sail for Spain. It has been supposed heretofore that Tweed sailed as a passenger, but the information from Vigo alluded to states that he went aboard the ship as a "landsman" and was compelled to serve as a deck-hand, and, "barefooted, barelegged, and bareheaded," forced with "squillgee and swab to wash down decks." In this disguise he was discovered and taken into custody in Vigo Bay. This harsh experience, it is added, did not seem to have in any way discouraged Tweed or impaired his health. When he was placed on board the *Franklin* he was given the most commodious and elegant quarters on board the ship.

THE RETURN OF THE FUGITIVES.—It has been finally decided at the State Department to say nothing further about Tweed until he shall have arrived, when Secretary Fish will make a statement of all the facts within the knowledge of the Government about the notorious fugitive. Acting Secretary of State Cadwalader, while talking over the matter, remarked that the Department could not imagine where "Boss" Tweed had been during the long time intervening between his flight and appearance in Cuba. After that time they know all about him, but are, however, at a loss to figure out the identity of the individual who accompanied Tweed. Mr. Cadwalader said there were good reasons why the Government should not divulge any of the information concerning Tweed, as he might possibly never arrive in this country; but as soon as he was turned over to the authorities everything would be made known. He was perfectly satisfied, therefore, that Secretary Fish would not speak upon the subject, and hence there was no use in asking him. Peter B. Sweeny is in Belgium. Connolly is now in France, and Tom Fields in Canada. The return of Woodward, in anticipation of Tweed's arrival, is regarded as rather ominous by the political wiseacres, and is believed by them to "mean something." Judging by the fate of the Chicago and Milwaukee culprits and public thieves, they say the days of immunity have not yet passed.

A JAPANESE EXPOSITION.—The Centennial exhibitors are, perhaps, not all aware that they and their wares are exposed to the counter attraction of an exhibition in Japan. The present Japanese exhibition is held at Kyoto, and is the fifth in number since the rage of imitating European ways first commenced. The admission-money is about half a cent, and the exhibition contains a very respectable display of Japanese products and manufactures. European goods are conspicuous by their absence, and consist principally of sheetings flanked by countless bottles of Bass's pale ale. The display of Japanese lacquered and bamboo wares, we are informed, is very effective, and will bear comparison even with those numerous nameless productions styled in France and elsewhere *articles de Paris*. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the exhibition at Kyoto is so exclusively confined to native ware, and, in the interest of the Japanese themselves, it would have been desirable if native artistic ingenuity had been supplemented by the productions of Europe and America. Probably the Centennial was a little too much for poor Japan, and was, perhaps, unavoidably significant of the struggle between the pygmy and the giant. Nevertheless, it may be hoped that Japan will again compete under more favorable auspices in what our German friends call the race of civilization, and that the sixth exhibition in Japan, whenever it is held, will show the same good display of foreign products as graces our own Centennial.

A REAL ABUSE.—The habit of utilizing Government war-vessels for pleasure excursions is not, it appears, peculiar to Republican cabinet officers alone, nor necessarily an outgrowth of republican institutions. The English taxpayers are grumbling, just now, under an imposition of this kind, which appears almost in the aspect of a servile imitation of Mr. Robeson. In the *London Examiner*, of September 30th, we read as follows: "A curious little bit of news comes from Her Majesty's ship *Sultan*, Captain His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. The officers have found, already, that service under Royalty is more costly than they like, and have been induced to ask the Admiralty to give them an extra allowance, to meet the cost of entertaining. We protested against such an ironclad as the *Sultan* being en-

trusted to an officer simply because he happened to be a prince, on the sole ground that we are not overstocked with powerful ironclads, and that, therefore, experience and special ability should alone determine the authorities in choosing commanders for them. But, now, because one of our finest armor-plated vessels is put in charge of a prince, whose experience, though genuine as far as it goes, is very limited, it is adding insult to injury to use it as sort of a peep-show, and carry it about from port to port, like a traveling menagerie, for the amusement of foreigners. It is sufficiently an abuse of power to convert a man-of-war into a sort of pleasure-yacht, and to devote it for months to feasting and fiddling."

TERRITORIAL SURVEYS.—As Congress has made the necessary appropriations to meet the expense of various Government geological and geographical surveys of the Territories, the parties have taken the field, and hope to accomplish a good deal, although the delay on the part of Congress in supplying the means will lessen the period of active work materially. Dr. Hayden's expedition will be divided into four parties. The first will be in charge of Mr. A. D. Wilson, with Dr. Endlich as geologist and Mr. Atkinson as topographer, and will complete the exploration of the small portion of Colorado lying near the Utah line, and then move northward on the west side of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Henry Gannett will have charge of the second division, with Dr. Peale as geologist, and James Stevenson as executive officer. The division will revisit the region in which a portion of Professor Hayden's party had an encounter with the Indians, and was driven off, last year, with the loss of their implements. Mr. G. R. Becher will be in charge of the third division, with the necessary assistants. He will pass westward through the Middle Park, working along the northwestern part of Colorado. The fourth division will be in charge of Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., with an assistant, and will be especially devoted to zoological work, visiting such portions of Dr. Hayden's region of investigation as have not been examined in previous years. Dr. Hayden himself will visit all the parties in the course of next Summer and Autumn, and co-ordinate their work.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

WEST VIRGINIA went Democratic by about 12,000 majority.

THURSDAY, October 12th, was New Hampshire Day at the Centennial.

EX-GOVERNOR GASTON of Massachusetts declined to accept a Congressional nomination.

THE Xavier Union of New York city gave General Newton a reception and supper on the 11th.

INDIANA went Democratic by from 5,000 to 6,000 majority, and Ohio Republican by a little over 6,000.

TOM OCHILTREE won the four-mile race for the Centennial Cup, at Jerome Park, on the 12th, in 7:36.

GENERAL RUFUS KING, formerly United States Minister to Rome, died in New York on the 13th, aged sixty-two.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was created on Monday morning, 16th inst., by a premature announcement of Commodore Vanderbilt's death.

JOHN F. CLEVELAND, brother-in-law of Horace Greeley, and for many years financial editor of the *Tribune*, died on the 9th, aged 57.

GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN issued a proclamation forbidding the existence of organizations in South Carolina, known as "Rifle Clubs."

TWELVE persons were killed by the explosion of a boiler in a nail factory in Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 12th, and twenty-one seriously injured.

RETURNS from 116 counties in Georgia, 109 of which are official, give Alfred H. Colquitt (Dem.) a majority of 70,918 in a total vote of 135,090.

THE schooner *Eva*, which left New London in June last for the Arctic regions, returned last week with fifteen tons of mica, taken in Cumberland Inlet.

RICHARD HARRINGTON, an alleged accomplice in the Washington safe burglary, and formerly District Attorney, returned to Washington and gave bail to appear on trial.

At a conference between representatives of the Tammany and anti-Tammany Societies in New York last week, the propositions of the former were rejected by the latter.

E. A. WOODWARD, of Tweed Ring notoriety, was brought from Chicago to New York, and, after pleading not guilty to indictments for perjury and forgery, was locked up in the Tombs.

Foreign.

SEVERAL newly-built cruisers will shortly join the Spanish squadron in Cuban waters.

THE French Senate and Chamber of Deputies were summoned to assemble on the 30th inst.

In spite of rumors to the contrary, the best of feeling exists between Russia and Austria.

GENERAL MARTINEZ-CAMPOS announced the terms on which he would accept the Captain-Generalship of Cuba.

A DISPATCH from Barcelona announces that 30,000 soldiers will, if necessary, follow the 15,000 who start for Cuba on the 20th.

THE French Foreign Office considers war between Russia and Turkey inevitable, and that Germany is the only power that can possibly prevent it.

COUNT VON ARNIM was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the House of Correction for high treason, and will lose his title and possibly his property.

THE Servians repulsed the Turks in an attempt to cross the Drina, near Ratscha, and the Montenegrins attacked Moukhtar Pasha's main force, and gained a decided victory.

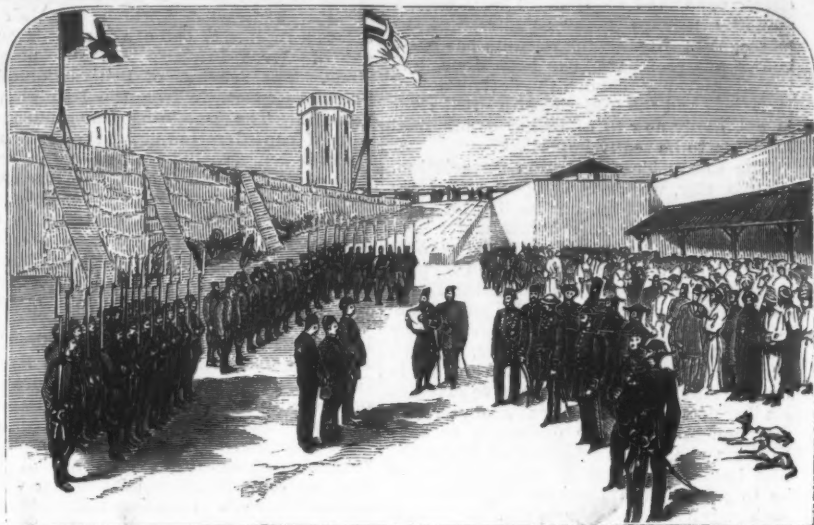
DR. SLADE, the American spiritual medium, was arraigned at the Bow Street Police Court, London, on charges of vagrancy and conspiracy to defraud, on the 11th, and the case was adjourned until the 20th.

TURKEY agreed to grant an armistice of six months, and the British, Russian, Austrian and French Consuls had instructions to advise Serbia to accept it. The new Sultan announced the establishment of a General Council, and declared warmly for a reform in the civil service.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 123.



TURKEY.—ENGLISH SURGEONS LEAVING ALEXINATZ FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.



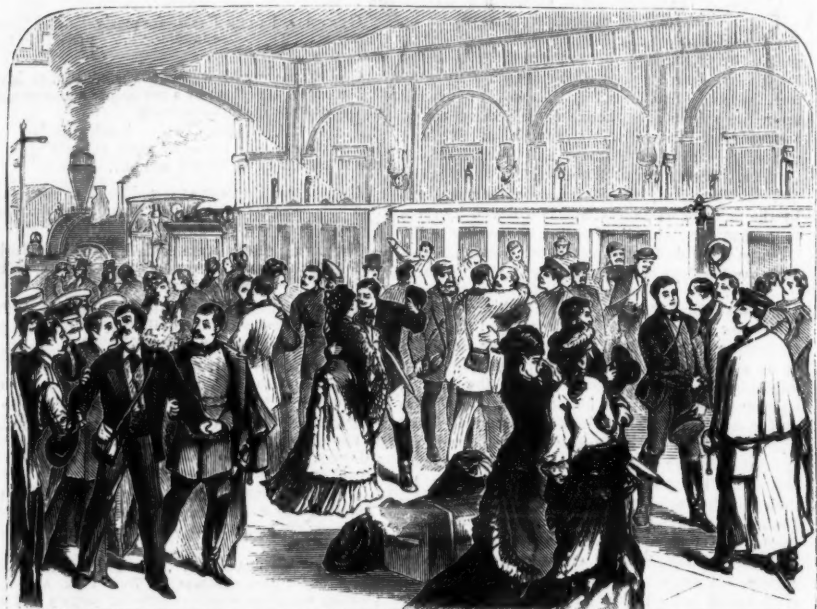
TURKEY.—DEGRADATION OF THE CIVIL OFFICERS IN SALONICA RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MASSACRE IN MAY.



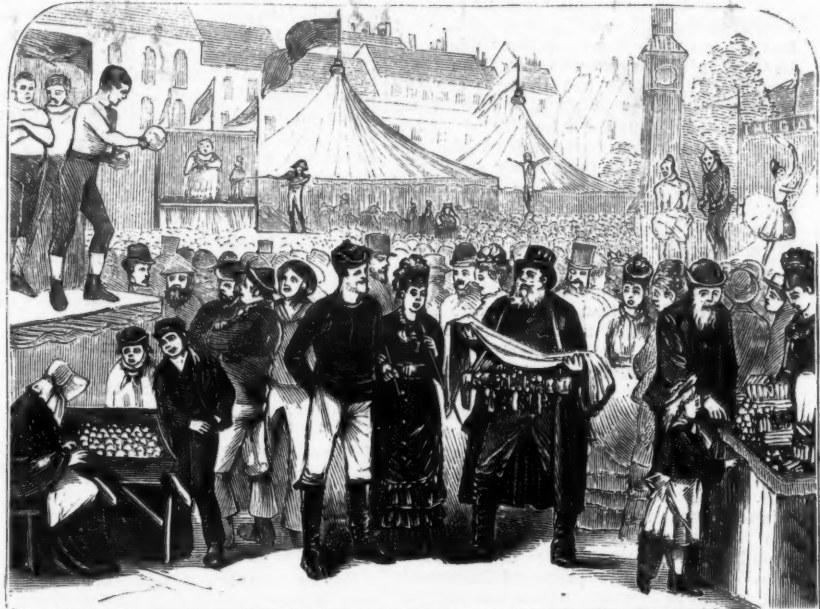
TURKEY.—SERBIAN SOLDIERS BURNING THE BODIES OF TURKS.



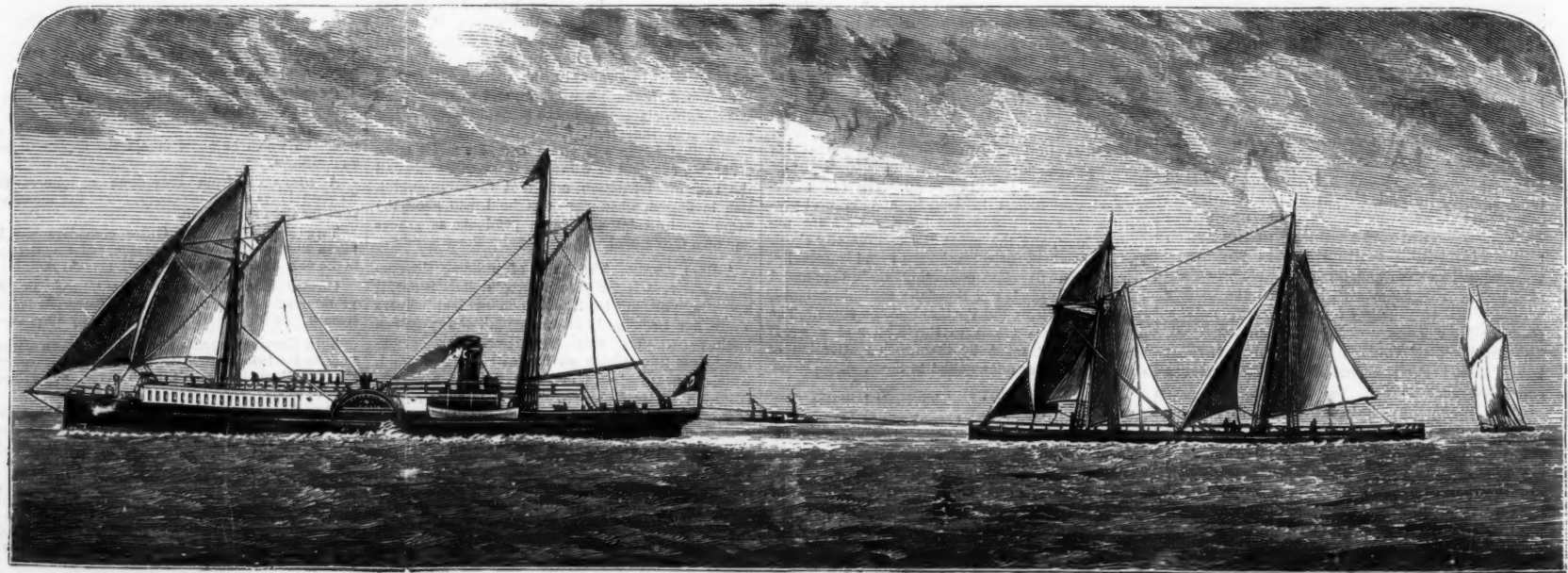
TURKEY.—THE EVACUATION OF ALEXINATZ.



RUSSIA.—OFFICERS OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY LEAVING ST. PETERSBURG FOR SERBIA.



ENGLAND.—THE OLD SEPTEMBER FAIR AT BARNSTAPLE IN 1876.



ENGLAND.—A BRAZILIAN MERCANTILE FLEET LEAVING THE HUBBER FOR THE AMAZON RIVER.



1. Arrow-heads and Stone Implements. 2. Chinese Department. 3. Pottery, Petrifications, Etc.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE MINERAL ANNEX TO THE MAIN BUILDING.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 122.

TIGER TO TIGRESS.

BY
EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE sultry jungle holds its breath;
The pained night is dumb as death;
The golden stars burn large and bland
Above this torrid Asian land;
But we, that hunger's pangs distress,
Crouch low in deadly watchfulness,
With sleek-striped shapes of massive size,
Great velvet paws and lurid eyes!

Hark! did you hear that stealthy sound,
Where yonder monstrous ferns abound?
Some lioness leopard pauses there;
Let him creep nearer, if he dare!
And, hark again! in yonder grove
I hear that lazy serpent move;
A mottled thing, whose languid strength
Coils round a bough its clammy length.

Soon the late moon that crimson air
Will fall with mellow splendours where
The Rajah's distant palace shows
Its haughty domes in dark repose;
And from this dim lair, by-and-by,
We shall behold, against pale sky,
With mighty gorges robed in gloom,
The awful Himalayas loom!

At moonrise, through this very spot,
You still remember, do you not,
How that proud Indian youth, last night,
Sprang past us on his charger white,
Perchance to have some fair hand throw
A rose from some scraggy bough?
Well, if to-night he passes, note
My hot leap at his horse's throat!

THE TWIN PEAKS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER II.

I WAS myself more affected by the impression which the perusal of the torn and discolored fragments of MS. had produced upon my companion, than by the actual words of the unknown writer. The truth is, that being constitutionally sanguine, I had learned to distrust my own tendency to look at the bright side of a project, and it required strong evidence to convince me that I was not a willing dupe to my own hopefulness. Meshech, however, was of a very different mental habit, laboring, in his vocation as a gold-digger, as soberly and steadily as ever did the most painstaking farmer on his fields, and never sacrificing a small certainty to the possibility of larger but less sure returns.

But now I could see that the Vermonter was deeply moved. The strange way in which this morsel of scorched paper had come into our possession may have had some influence over his imagination; and, indeed, the notion of being enriched by means so extraordinary was one to commend itself to the fancy. But this was not all. I verily believe that if the fragment of written paper had related to gold, Meshech would have turned a deaf ear to the wiles of the siren. But silver, in that store, and of so pure a quality, as the memorandum indicated, was an irresistible lure to the strong-limbed descendant of the hardy Northern pioneers.

"The poor chap that penned the lines," said Meshech, thoughtfully, as we sat down to our meal—since, after all, men must eat—"has got rubbed out, most like, on his way back from Sacramento to the mines."

"You think, then, that he failed in obtaining the assistance on which he confidently reckoned?" I rejoined, inquiringly, for I had had cause to wonder at my companion's singular sagacity as to the practical matters of life.

"I expect he half-failed," answered Meshech, slowly—"borrowed, that is, a handful of hard dollars; picked up, maybe, a mate or two among the loafers, and set off, and come across Wilson's gang, and went under. A bookish, white-fisted man he was, I guess. Gentleman, belike, and wouldn't wager, squire; he warn't from the old country, like yourself. Anyhow, except as to you and me, the secret died with him."

On this last point Meshech was absolutely dogmatic. Whether or not the companions of this unfortunate discoverer had perished along with him, it was unlikely that he should have imparted to them any intelligence, which might enable them to begin an independent search for the hidden treasure. As for the highwayman who had had the book, or part of it, in his possession, his very employment of the precious page as wadding for his pistol proved his reckless ignorance of its contents. By a marvelous chance, the scrap of charred MS. had been preserved for our especial benefit. Meshech, like many miners in all countries, had a tinge of fatalism in his belief, and in this case he yielded readily to the doctrine.

"But," said I, as we thrust aside our empty platters, and filled our pipes, "you should remember that we possess no certain clue to guide us. There must be, in these half-explored regions, stretching as they do, over thousands of square miles, many peaks and crags among which to choose. The mine itself—for here I agree with you that a mine must exist—may be, for aught we know, in Idaho, or Nevada, or Arizona itself, as easily as in these parts and—"

"Ah! but we've got a clue, squire!" cried Meshech, with an exulting slap of his weighty right hand upon the rickety table. "T'war to Stockton the chap made his way, warn't it, after his partner died? 'Twar at One Apple Ranch, warn't it, now, his partner d-d die? This child knows the mountain farm they call so, an' which got its name because the first squatter that settled there, a New Jersey man, kep' on planting pippins, spite of the cold wind and cruel hail, and said he'd be satisfied if he could but get one of his young apple-trees to thrive on that bleak, upland park, where no tree grows but the pine and birch and juniper. That's why it's One Apple Ranch; an' I'm thinking we can't do better nor track back from thar into the hills, till we find what we're after."

To this reasoning on Meshech's side I could but yield a hearty acquiescence, and in less than a week from the date of the discovery of the pistol-wad, we had turned our backs on Bloody Creek, and were trudging sturdily towards the north, each

in heavy marching order, with rifle and ammunition, blankets and haversack, the tools, the tiny tent, and the other weighty portions of our baggage being borne by a pack-mule, which we took in turn to lead. The route which Meshech had selected led through a barren and thinly-inhabited district, where little food, save fried beans and maize tortillas, could be obtained for money, and where the few white settlers, of Spanish blood and speech, scowled upon us in a way that told of anything but love for the pushing, go-ahead Yankee conqueror.

"Never mind the greasers' sour looks," said Meshech, cheerily; "they haven't among the whole yellow-skinned lot the manhood to stop a traveler on the highroad. An' the real road-agents stick to the main tracks. Our only risk, hyar, is from Injuns; and the red varmints hev been smartly tamed, and wouldn't venture in on two white men, unless crippled by famine or staggered with fever. They might steal the mule, though. I've known Injuns to dog a party five hundred miles, jest to snap up a horse-beast or so."

Indeed the few poor creatures of the Ute branch of the wide-spread Shoshonie tribe, who crawled out of their wigwams to beg tobacco and gunpowder, were not of an aspect to alarm the most timorous pilgrim; though, aware of their thievish propensities, we took care to hobble the mule's forefeet together at each halting-place, and more than once discharged our firearms, when the tall grass and bushes near our camp-fire rustled under the stealthy passage of wolf or Indian. But the Vermonter's assertion was correct. The stunted savages of that district had been thoroughly "tamed," and were no whit more dangerous than the gypsies on an English common.

"There, Britisher," said Meshech, as he pointed to the low-roofed, straggling congeries of buildings on the highest ridge of a lofty table-land, overlooked by yet loftier mountains, "is One Apple Ranch. Last time I happened into it, it belonged to old Deacon Scott. Guess it's changed hands a few sin' the deacon died."

The upland farm proved to have passed into the possession of an elderly Bavarian farmer, who, with his wife and sons, had been for two years established there, and whose numerous kine were cropping the short, sweet grass of the hill pasture. Herr Muller, his sturdy frau, and the flaxen-haired, round-faced young men, were as unfavorable specimens of the South German emigrant as I have ever met with. Except for present payment, they would not extend to us even the hospitality of a disused shed, and affected to understand little or no English; but I was fortunately dquent enough in the German tongue to frustrate this attempt to get rid of unwelcome questioners. As it was, the replies which I got were boorish and grudging. There had been two strangers, last Autumn, at the ranch, and the elder of the two had died, after giving more trouble than he was worth, and lay buried in the swamp where the wild flax grew.

The other fellow—Yankee or Englander—was gone, long since, on his way to Stockton, and the Muller family had never seen him again, and had no desire to do so. What manner of men they were—the sick stranger who had drawn his last breath there, and his comrade—the Bavarians professed not to remember. The survivor had said nothing as to his name or residence. He had paid for what the pair had had in rough silver.

"You may rely on it," whispered I to Meshech, as we took up our quarters in the shed, "that these people are not quite so incurious as they feign to be. Their sullen, almost resentful, manner indicates that they guess our errand, and are provoked that they have not made themselves masters of the secret."

And in fact when, on the next morning, we entered the bleak pass that yawned high above the natural park or pasture in which the ranch stood, one of the young Bavarians from the farm followed us for leagues among the stony ravines and beetling crags, under the pretext of seeking for a strayed calf, and was not shaken off until noon.

The mountains we were now traversing were savage and lonely beyond the average of the Western wilderness, though here and there we came to broken dams, abandoned workings, and ruined shanties, telling of industry that had long ceased.

"There was a tidy bit of gold washed hyar, years ago," observed the Vermonter, as we passed on. "I'war all surface dirt, though, and the placers were soon as bare as Broadway."

Up to the close of the second day's march after leaving the ranch, we were in a country the general features of which were known to Meshech, but soon after passing a pine-tree, which had been roughly "blazed," or barked, by the surveyor's ax, and on one side of which was painted "Nevada," and on the other "California," to mark the limits of the State and those of the territory, we found the path fork, so that we had to choose whether to follow the route that trended southward, or that which led according to Meshech's computation, towards the sources of the Buenaventura River. The former of these two tracts, running as it did through grassy meadows and past clumps of timber, was the most attractive.

"Let's take the path to the left," said Meshech, after a brief hesitation; "gold, an' silver, too, are apt to make their nest whar it's ugly, squire."

Nor could anything easily surpass in grimness of aspect the sterile and desolate region into which we now plunged, and where we found it no easy matter to procure even grass enough for the mule, whose ribs and coat began to show tokens of the scanty living to be picked up in those stony ravines. Still we pressed on, passing now and again the bleached bones of horses or cattle, the property of earlier explorers of that inhospitable district. Except the marmots sunning themselves on the rocks overhead, or some solitary vulture perched on the highest pinnacle of a naked cliff, we saw no signs of life. All was bare, barren and ghastly, and the entire valley seemed to be one in which a wolf would have starved.

Strange to say, Meshech's spirits rose, as we went on plodding through the midst of this joyless landscape, whereas mine, usually buoyant enough, flagged sadly. On what a wild-goose chase, after all, had we entered! The mine might be anywhere—leagues away, perhaps—and situated in some dale or glen quite distinct from the gloomy ravine

that we were traversing. The proverbial hunt for a needle in a bottle of hay was not more preposterous than the attempt to identify two particular crags among the many which—Ha! what was that? For, with a gasping cry, like that of a wounded man suddenly stricken by the arrows or bullets of ambushed Indians, Meshech, who had been leading the mule, let go the bridle, staggered and clutched me by the shoulder to save himself from falling.

"See! see!" said the Vermonter, in smothered accents, as I questioned him as to the cause of his sudden emotion, and, following the direction of his pointing finger, my eyes lit upon a succession of objects which seemed strangely familiar to me. Those two horn-shaped peaks, bright-red in color, rising boldly above the ragged curtain of gray or variegated rock, where, save in a dream, could I have seen them before? That yawning gully, locally known as a cañon or canyon, at the foot of the hill, why did it seem as if I knew its water-worn caves and loose boulders? Could it be—

"The Twin Peaks!" shouted Meshech, snatching a pickax from the bundle of tools strapped to the mule's pack-saddle; "Race for it, Britisher; and let's make good our claim before another stirr sod or stone of the mine!"

There was something pathetic, if ludicrous, in the schoolboy eagerness with which Meshech and I dashed into the cañon, scrambled up the rugged hillside, and began, with feverish haste, to ply pick and shovel, to slash and hack with our bowie-knives amid the brushwood, and to stick wands and slips of wood into the turf and crevices by the way of "staking out" our claims. The right of prior occupation, according to law and custom, having been thus secured, we were at leisure to take a more deliberate survey of our domains. That we had found the mine itself was pretty clear. The indications given in the memorandum were precise; and there, above our heads, soared the double peak, and beneath lay the cañon, while a thread of water fell trickling down from a cliff hard by.

It was already late in the afternoon, but, by the rays of the sinking sun, I espied a glittering scrap of something, peeping from amidst the dried grass and withered leaves, and hurrying to the spot, drew forth a jagged fragment of virgin silver, that might have turned the scale at five ounces, the first fruits of our prize.

"May I never, but they've salted the mine, for a blind, with leaves and dead brush, so as to hide the trail!" shouted the Vermonter, as he tossed aside the withered mosses and the dry twigs, and bathed his hands, as if in water, in the silver lumps and silver scales, the silver sand and knobs of silver ore that lay thickly beneath.

Then, moved by a sudden impulse, he fell on his knees, and clasped his hands.

"Thank God!" he said, "for this—for this that makes a lady of little sister Ruth, toiling over her weary stitching-work to home in Vermont—for this, that brings the dear old mother to share my home—for this, an' that's the least of the three, that makes a brave man of Meshech I. Sims. I hope," the brave, simple fellow added, as he rose up, with flushed face and streaming eyes, from his knees—"I hope, squire, you don't think me silly, now?"

My own heart was beating high, as I remembered Alice, and my own hopes, never so near, as it seemed, to fruition as then.

The twilight in those latitudes is but brief, and it grew dark before we could gather up the whole of the hoard of loose silver, concealed by the earliest explorers of the mine, and it was not until the pale moon rose, a trembling crescent, over the eastern mountains, that I could cross the cañon, and capture the mule which had strayed off in search of provender.

The next three or four weeks were so marked by constant anxiety, sleeplessness, hardships and toil, that I look back to them now as to the crowded phantasmagoria of a bad dream. The life even of a successful Californian digger is not passed on a bed of roses.

How the rumor of our wonderful good fortune became noised abroad has always been a standing puzzle to me; but, as cultures vind their way to the carcass of a dead buffalo, so did miners somehow scent out the rich prize of the Twin Peaks. And before long, huts, tents, and booths dotted the ravine in such numbers, that the place bore some rude resemblance to an English fair.

We had never had the right or the thought to appropriate the entire mine as our own. But a certain liberal portion, comprising the cinnamon veins on the topmost pinnacles, and extending far down the mountain, we had staked out; and this by "digger's law" and Congress enactment, was acknowledged to be justly ours.

The other portions of the hillside were eagerly divided amongst the first comers, and then we found ourselves in presence of an excited and motley throng, ready to buy us out, to jostle us out, to win our claims from us at monte, faro, or poker, or to get rid of us by means of a convenient free fight over any casual dispute at one of the sundry drinking-bars that had been set up, as if by enchantment, in that sequestered valley.

The Twin Peaks Mine, soon to be quoted on the exchanges of America and Europe, did not fall short of the sanguine anticipations of the original discoverers. The yield, even close to the surface, was very large, both as to metallic silver and ore of a fine quality. And, after one or two hair-breadth escapes, and much annoyance, Meshech and I were left unmolested in the possession of our claims, with a score of hired laborers, working, under our direction, in sinking shafts and galleries for the better extraction of the precious ore that lay beneath.

How we toiled and struggled and reaped our harvest—how my skill as a civil engineer, in extemporizing machinery to be impelled by water-power, and impressing the mountain torrents to help us in keeping our boring-tools and crushing-mills at work, proved useful, may be readily imagined.

We eventually sold our rights to a wealthy company of mining speculators; and the Twin Peaks Mine, though thrown into the shade by recent and vaster discoveries, yet figures respectably in the monthly San Francisco circular.

Meshech, with his old mother, were, when last I

heard from my former comrade and constant friend, settled in a pleasant villa, on the banks of the Hudson, where his sister, who is married to a Senator, I believe, spends every Summer with them. My own happy home is in England, where, with Alice for my wife, I have long been established, and where Alice's kind mother has learned to forget the sad days of her Californian exile. But we have surely cause to speak well, personally, of the Far West, since we owe the modest prosperity of our contented lives to the fortunate chance that led to the re-discovery of the Twin Peaks Mine.

AWAITING THE RESULT OF THE
OCTOBER ELECTIONS.SCENES AT THE DEMOCRATIC HEADQUARTERS
IN NEW YORK CITY.

EARLY in the evening of Tuesday, October 10th, crowds of citizens began assembling at the headquarters of the National Democratic Committee, in the Everett House, all eager to obtain accurate reports of the result of the election in Ohio, Indiana and West Virginia. By half-past seven the rooms of the committee were densely packed, and thousands were gathered on the street, expecting to see the returns posted on a bulletin-board. Gradually the members of the committee and others filled the inner rooms, from which the crowd were excluded. Engaged in an interested discussion of the chances were Colonel Pelton, Abram S. Hewitt, Daniel Magone, S. S. Cox, B. A. Willis, Smith Ely, Henry Tilden, Chas. H. Winfield and others. Stenographers and clerks, with statements of returns of past elections and blanks upon which to figure out the present returns before them, surrounded a long table in the centre room.

The first dispatch was read a little before eight o'clock. It was from Columbus; a very heavy vote had been polled, and the indications were that in Franklin County there would be a Democratic gain of 800 or 1,000. In a few moments another was read, stating that, "At noon, in New Albany, by actual count, there was a majority for Williams of 1,200;" and that, "Floyd County, of which New Albany was a part, gave last year only 1,000 majority."

The first semi-official news was announced at nine o'clock, dated Cincinnati, 6:45 p.m., to the effect that Banning, of the Second District, and Saylor, of the First, were certainly elected, and in that case the State of Ohio was undoubtedly Democratic. This caused the first outbreak of enthusiasm. In a few moments the first actual return was received in the room, and read as follows: "Ottawa Township, Allen County, Ohio, gives Barnes 45; Bell, 41; Republican gain of 4. Lima—Second Ward, Bell, 164; Barnes, 262; Republican gain of 28; Third Ward gives Bell 265; Barnes, 68; Democratic gain of 26." About ten o'clock the dispatches began to come more frequently. They generally were from unimportant places, showing slight Democratic gains and slight Republican losses. One dispatch from Cleveland, Ohio, stated that Cuyahoga County would give 5,000 Republican majority. This showed a Republican loss of 800, and was considered a very favorable indication of a Democratic victory.

As more and more definite and encouraging intelligence came in, the enthusiasm and excitement rose to fever-heat. Towards midnight it began to be very certain that Indiana had certainly gone Democratic, and that Ohio had probably followed her sister State's example. Then the crowd cheered and cheered again until it was hoarse, and, as the news spread through the city, hundreds of recruits were added to the throng already before the hotel.

A telegram was received at 11 o'clock from Henry Watterson: "Nothing definite. Dispatches from Indiana show large Democratic gains. Estimated Republican majority, 600. Clark and Floyd Counties are said to show increased Democratic gains." John Thompson, Chairman of the Ohio Central Democratic Committee, telegraphed: "Returns coming in favorably, and inicate the State for Bell." General John Love, of Indianapolis, telegraphed: "Nothing official. All too well. Everything in the city is favorable." William Armstrong, editor of the Cleveland Plaindealer, telegraphed: "So far as heard from, we have Democratic gains." As these dispatches were received they were read in the corridor, and roused considerable cheering.

At a later hour it became evident that Indiana had gone Democratic, and that Ohio was doubtful. Satisfied at last that the morning papers would give the details of the election, the outside crowd slowly dispersed, but the committee and prominent Democrats who were present remained at the rooms until nearly daylight.

MINERAL CURIOSITIES.

THE ANNEX TO THE MAIN BUILDING.

A VIEW of the interior of the Mineral Annex to the Main Building is given on another page of this issue. The most striking section in this building, to the ordinary visitor, is the Chinese Department. The illustration shows conspicuously the large group of figures clothed to represent the different classes of people in China. In the matter of clothing, China is just as antipodal to America as in geographical position. All the women appear to wear pantaloons, and all the men, except the soldiers, frocks and petticoats. There is the civil mandarin, with his fastidious silk robes, and on top of his cap the red button, signifying that he is proficient in all the "ies" and "ologies"; the bride, with her black-painted teeth and microscopical feet (things indispensable to female loveliness); the military mandarin, with his bamboo, wa-hbasin-hat, surmounted by the blue button, denoting his perfection in military tactics; the schoolmaster, armed with a pipe and a pouch full of tobacco in one hand, and a hieroglyphic primer in the other; the soldier, in his blue-drill pantaloons and red-edged tunic; the coolie, with his bamboo lever across his shoulder, upon which he carries astonishing burdens; and the self-denying, hairless celibate Joss-man, or priest, with his eyes closed, and his hands clasped in prayer. Around the Joss-man's neck is a string of black beads, which he uses to count his prayers. Men of his class have been known to have themselves nailed up in boxes, with holes large enough to admit air, but too small to allow food to be passed through, and to remain in that condition, out of self-denial, until almost dead. This they did by way of penance for their own sins, and propitiation for those of their flocks.

Among the other figures in the illustration is a procession of Chinese, in carved wood, intended to represent the passage of the chief mandarin in his palanquin to meet some high official—he is surrounded by the raggedest kind of coolies; there are also specimens of bamboo and mosaic-work, in wood and ivory; a view, showing the Chinese medical collection, in a row of long bins; and then, coming back to our own country, several specimens of the work of the mound-builders of the West, Indian relics, and ancient houses and porcelain castings, etc. A mummy, supposed to be the queen of the mound-builders, is shown. It was taken from a cave near the Kentucky border. Stalactites from Weir's cave in Virginia are likewise collected here.

CENTENNIAL CATTLE.

THE NEAT CATTLE SHOW AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE exhibition of neat cattle at the Centennial Grounds, from September 21st to October 4th, was the largest that has ever been held in this country. It was also an exceedingly popular feature of the great world's fair, as it attracted a daily attendance of about 10,000 persons.

Our illustration gives accurate portraits of the chief specimens of live stock displayed.

1.—GROOM, BEN. B. & SON, Winchester, Ky.—"Oxford Geneva," 1½ years, roan. Bred by Messrs. Leney & Son, Watertown, England. Sire, 8th Duke of Geneva; g. sire, 7th Duke of Airdrie; dam, 7th Maid of Oxford; g. dam, 2d Maid of Oxford. Value \$10,000.

2.—GROOM, BEN. B. & SON, Winchester, Ky.—"Winsorell," 3 years, roan. Bred by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, England. Sire, Baron Oxford 4th; g. sire, Grand Duke 6th; dam, Bright Eyes 5th; g. dam, Bonny. Value, \$10,000.

3.—McKEEN, THOMAS L., Easton, Pa.—"Daitymaid 5th," 3 years, white. Bred by T. S. Cooper, Coopersburg, Pa. Sire, Imported Prince Nicholas; g. sire, Clearbush; dam, Daitymaid; g. dam, Stately 4th.

4.—ACKERS, BENJAMIN ST. JOHN, Gloucestershire, England—"Wedding Day" (English Cow), 2 years 11 months, roan. Sire, County Member; g. sire, Brigade Major; dam, Lady Gay; g. dam, Lady Georgia.

5.—ACKERS, BENJAMIN ST. JOHN, Gloucestershire, England—"Cymbeline" (English Bull), 4 years 6 months, white. Sire, County Member; g. sire, 8th Duke of York; dam, Cymbal; g. dam, Clarion. Value, £3,000.

6.—BRADLEY, CATHERINE R., Champaign Ill.—"Crown Prince" (Holstein Bull), 3 years 3 months, black and white. Bred by J. T. Ellis, Flemington, N. J. Sire, Rolf; dam, Flora.

7.—HOOD, GEORGE, Guelph, Ontario—"Lily Dale" (Galloway Cow), 6 years 8 months. Bred by John Coleman, West Flamboro, Ontario. Sire, Oscar; g. sire, —; dam, Jennie; g. dam, Victoria.

8.—HOOD, GEORGE, Guelph, Ontario—"Roger" (Galloway Bull), 6 years 8 months. Bred by Anthony McNeil, Vaughan, Ontario. Sire, Black Prince; g. sire, —; dam, Woolwich Queen; g. dam, Black Bess.

9.—RODDER, WM., Plantagenet, Ontario—"Lucy" (Alderney Cow, Canada), 2 years 8 months, fawn and gray, with a little white. Bred by Exhibitor. Sire, Lord Lisgat; dam, Maggie.

10.—CROOKER, WM., Northport, N. Y.—"Cossack," 3 years, dark fawn. Bred by Edward McHenry, Pikesville, Md. Sire, Cossack; dam, Daffodil; g. dam, Gazelle.

11.—DUFFY, H. H., Brick Meeting House, Md.—"Fat Cattle." Pair. Durham Bulls, 6 years 4 months, 800 pounds each.

12.—HAMILTON, AUGUST, (Devon). Draught Cattle. One yoke oxen, 1 year, red, 1,600 pounds.

13.—WOOD, N. S., Farnham City, Neb.—Two Buffaloes, natives of Kansas or Nebraska, caught on the plains, now well broken to harness.

A noteworthy feature of the cattle exhibition was the large daily attendance of ladies, the interest taken by the fair sex in all matters pertaining to the dairy extending itself apparently to a consideration of the quality of the cattle likewise.

Antiques.

THERE is not such a "craze," perhaps, for rings as for blue and other china, or for antique silver, but there is a certain "rage," for them among a limited class of collectors. These are told in vain that in all these matters there is a downright rogues' den. There are, no doubt, fair dealers and genuine articles, but the unfair can supply counterfeits, often undetectable even by experts, and not even suspected by the simple-minded purchaser. If the history of china-ware could be written by a reformed rascal who had trafficked in that commodity, it would excite the greatest disgust in the bosoms of buyers and amusement among non-purchasers. The rarest and most expensive ware can, we are informed on very good authority, be made to order. That dragon china which, it was said, could not leave China without a sign-manual permission from the emperor, was for a long period painted on the China clay by a London workman artist, whose name is well known. As for the attesting marks, they are not necessarily of more value than the hall marks on silver, which stamp modern work and material with the forged mark of antiquity. So with rings. We know that an oval inlaid, bedded in an oval setting, was the fashion of ring worn by the Roman emperors; but let not him who buys an antique-looking object of this sort conclude that it was once dignified by clasping the finger of Augustus. Imperial oval rings will continue to be furnished as long as there is a demand for them. Again, antique statuettes are things not to be bought in a hurry. We lately heard of a very eminent statesman who, being an indifferent judge as a collector, gave a good sum for an antique statuette, so uncommon, that he sent it where he hoped some one could identify the age of the manufacture and the name of the person represented. The porter of the establishment, in the course of his "dusting," came on this ancient object, and immediately recognized the work of his own hands. "I did that," said he, "bad as it is, when I was rying my hand at modeling at So-and-so's, the plaster-sculptor's!" Again a victim tells us of his purchasing at Ceylon antique chains and rings, venerated to have been made for and worn by Ceylonese potentates in almost pre-historic times. In showing them afterwards to a London goldsmith, he had the satisfaction of hearing that that very goldsmith's house had furnished them to order or Ceylonese customers.

The British Museum.

THIS institution, which occupies the northern side of the eastern portion of Great Russell Street, is far removed from all the other departments under the control of the Government, and is by far the most interesting of all to the people at large, though it can boast of no very great antiquity. It was its origin to Sir Hans Sloane, a man of high scientific attainments, who, during a long period of practice as a physician, had accumulated at his house at Chelsea, in addition to a considerable

library of books and manuscripts, a vast collection of objects of natural history and works of art. These treasures he directed to be offered to the nation at a certain price after his death, which took place in the year 1753. The offer was accepted, and an Act was passed directing the purchase, not only of Hans Sloane's collection, but also of the Harleian Library of Manuscripts; and at the same time enacting that the Cottonian Library, which had been presented to the nation by Sir John Cotton, during the reign of William III., and was deposited in Ashburnham House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, should, with those, form one general collection. To these George III. added a large library, collected by the preceding sovereigns since Henry VII. To accommodate the national property thus accumulated, the Government raised, by lottery, the sum of £100,000, of which £20,000 was devoted to the purchase of the above collections; and in 1754 Montagu House, in Great Russell Street, was bought from the two heiresses of the Montagu family, as a repository for the then infant establishment.

Arthurian Romance in English Literature.

In the year 1147, Geoffrey of Monmouth produced his "History of British Kings." Geoffrey was a Welsh monk who was made Bishop of St. Asaph not long before his death in 1154. His history contained more fable than chronicle. By "British" kings he meant kings of Britain before the coming of the English. Of English kings there were trustworthy chronicles; Geoffrey provided a chronicle of British kings, not meant to be particularly trustworthy, but distinctly meant to be amusing. It was partly founded on Breton traditions, and it did obtain a wide attention. It was the source of a new stream of poetry in English literature, and it is this book that brought King Arthur among Englishmen as their national hero. Geoffrey's History does not itself belong to the subject of this volume. The old romances of King Arthur are not religious. They are picturesque stories of love and war, and of each in rude animal form. But the way in which the legends of this mythical hero have been dealt with in England furnishes one of the most marked illustrations of the tendency of English thought. For, while among Latin nations the Charlemagne romances have given rise to fictions which, however delightful, express only play of the imagination, the romances of which Arthur is the hero have been used by the English people in successive stages of their civilization for expression of their highest sense of spiritual life.

Early English Snuff-Takers.

We may safely lay the spread of snuff-taking among Englishmen to the advent of the plague. They had so much faith in the power of tobacco to ward off contagion, that the appearance of the pest drove those to snuff who never snuffed before, and gave good excuse to those who had already snuffed to snuff the more. The coming of a more welcome immigrant, the hero of the glorious Revolution, tended to establish snuff-taking firmly in fashionable favor. The beaux of the period carried snuff in the hollow, perforated heads of their walking-sticks; and when they hedged in the actors on the stage, instead of lighting up their pipes between the acts, as their Elizabethan prototypes used to do, they amused the audience on the other side of the footlights by displaying "their soft graces, their snuff-boxes, awkward bows and ugly faces," and amused themselves by dilating upon the merits, not of the play, but of the modish sand with which they fed their nostrils from a spoon. One of Southern's fops, entreating another to pass his opinion upon his powder, is taken back by the oracle's pronouncing it to be Havana indeed, but washed, and made of the leaves of the tobacco, and exclaims: "Why, what the devil's yours?" "Mine, sir," replies the connoisseur, "is right pallid, made of the fibres—the spirituous part of the plant. There's not a pinch of it, out of my box, in England. 'Twas made, I assure you, to the palate of his most Catholic majesty, and sent over by a great don of Spain that is in his prince's particular favor." If Mr. Fairholt did not assure us that pallid was a Portuguese snuff, properly called pulvilo, we should have supposed that Friendall's boasted powder to have been rancid, remarkable for its fineness, strength, pungency and velvet softness, since it was always put up in canisters sealed with the King of Spain's arms, and rarely found its way into the market, being reserved for presentation to ambassadors and ministers—whence it was known as cabinet snuff. According to Lillie, it was really difficult to get any high-class snuff in England. Pure Brazilian, known by its greenish-yellow hue, and a peculiar fragrance imparted to it by its being packed in bottles that had contained angel-water, could only be obtained from Brazil by stratagem, its exportation being forbidden on pain of death. But small quantities were carried on board ships in Brazilian ports by monks visiting them, on the pretense of receiving the confessions of the sailors. Most of the snuff sold was Havana snuff, imported by the South Sea Company, and manipulated in various ways, to suit the different fancies of snuff-takers.

Nice Girls.

NICE girls may be classed under two heads—the nice naturally, and the nice artificially. The quality of niceness depends much upon the light in which it is received by the outside world. Unless a young lady be faultlessly beautiful, when there can or should be no difference of opinion, no two men entertain the same estimate of her personal attractions. It is a well-known fact that two people never see the same rainbow, the individuality of the prisms being dependent upon the point of vision. A man's appreciation of female loveliness may be subject to similar influences. Let us take class number one—the "nice naturally." Under this head we include those young ladies gifted with beauty or amiability or style, or that indefinable attraction which comprehends all these niceties, without being distinguishably prominent in any particular. These young ladies are nice without effort. Beauty in woman is the initial charm by which a man's attention is arrested. With nothing to back it, beauty is merely a decoy for the shallow-minded. Not that men of sense are not often chained to frivolous, ideal women, fond of dress and amusement. In these cases, the man's judgment has not dictated his choice. If he marry a pretty coquette, the match has probably been one of convenience or compulsion; or, if, apart from all this, he has really of his own unbiased will selected a flirt, it is one of those freaks of nature which, as Dandrea says, "no felix can understand." Heart has conquered brain, and warped judgment. And then a woman may be pretty, hollow and vain, and yet be a sufficiently clever actress to deceive, by the aid of her super-

cial charms, many who fancy themselves shrewd judges of female nature; for man has gullibility engrafted with his very being, and that and his natural conceit invariably combine to undo him. As a rule, young fellows have few opportunities of seeing young women in their normal every-day state. The ball-room is the grand medium of introduction, the great social show-case where the goods are exhibited, freshly polished, painted and adorned. Here the plain, homely article is tortured and twisted into something presentable and attractive, and the really genuine thing rendered perfectly irresistible. Sour-tempered virgins, without a single affable quality, beam out with tropical warmth, and smile impartially upon all. Were it not for the disinterested spite of female friends, who knows how many luckless wife-seekers would not be inveigled into marriages with these smirking volcanoes? If a man would know a woman's character, let him laud her virtues to her companion or confidential friend.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Turkish Insurrection.

The agreement of the allied Powers and the Servians to a proposition for a six months' armistice may, if it is decided upon, undoubtedly be regarded as the end of the insurrectionary war. Meanwhile the terrible incidents of the brief contest continue to attract the attention of outraged Christendom. Our sketches this week represent some of the more striking incidents of the war. Large numbers of Russian army officers have entered the Servian service, and it has indeed been greatly owing to the countenance which Russia has given the Servian cause that the insurrection succeeded in growing into such formidable proportions. The Russian officers sought glory in this war against the Mohammedan forces, while the brave corps of English surgeons who tendered their services also to the insurrectionary troops were actuated by motives of the most exalted humanity. Our cut represents a party of these surgeons leaving Alexinatz for the seat of war a couple of days previous to the attack upon the place by the Turks, and its enforced evacuation, which latter occurrence is also illustrated. The burning of dead bodies of slaughtered Turks by the Servian soldiers has been by no means an uncommon incident of this war. In fact, so great is the animosity existing in both camps, that they do not allow themselves proper time for the decent interment of their dead; but both sides are content to heap the corpses of the slain in great piles and then burn them. Though this custom may be repugnant to Western minds, yet that it is of ancient origin is clearly indicated by the number of tumuli met with on the plains of Servia and Bulgaria, which mark the last resting-places of those who have resisted at various times the encroachments of the followers of Mohammed.

The Turkish Government.

The Turkish Government made a sort of supplementary reparation on the afternoon of August 21st for the fanatical murder in Salonica last May of the European consuls. The civil officers of that city who had been proven to have, by their apathy at least, connived at the murder were degraded from their positions of authority, and were condemned to long imprisonment. The process of degradation was performed with impressive ceremony. The culprits, attired in peasants' dress were placed in a court of the west bastion of the fort. To their right were ranged the Turkish officials, and to their left the foreign representatives. A large number of religious and civic dignitaries also were in attendance. After the sentence had been read, a salute of forty-two guns was fired, at the conclusion of which the French and German consuls announced aloud that they were satisfied, and the unlucky prisoners were remanded to the custody of the police.

The Old Barnstable Annual Fair.

It seems odd in these prosaic matter-of-fact times that in one corner of England, at least, the annual fair is opened by the Mayor in full state, attended by his councillors; and yet such is the fact. Barnstable is the town that thus preserves her ancient traditions—Barnstable, famous for its raising of beef and mutton. The opening of the fair, which took place September 14th, is always preceded by a banquet at the Guildhall. Though certainly this banquet does not consist of the traditional aldermanic fare, being confined to two plain, though, doubtless healthy dishes—toast and cheese—washed down with spiced ale; but, though plain, it has the charm of antiquity about it—and what more can be desired? After these viands had been discussed, the Mayor and officers of the Corporation formed in procession, and walked as far as High Cross. A halt was then made, the town crier demanded silence, and then the town-clerk told out the old-fashioned proclamation to the effect that the fair was open from that time until Friday night at twelve o'clock, that the peace must be preserved, honest weights and measures used, and the proper fees for stallage, etc., paid. This ceremony was repeated at the bottom of High Street, and the fair of 1876 was legally open. The pleasure fair, of which we give a sketch, was concentrated in the square, where all the concomitants that usually make up such a scene were to be found.

English Vessels Starting for the Amazon River.

One of our foreign illustrations this week shows a portion of the Brazilian fleet, destined to navigate the waters of the mighty Amazon, leaving the Hudson River. This important addition to the Brazilian mercantile marine consists of two steamers and six schooners, built in Hull. The *Villa Bella*, which is the larger of the two steamers, is over 600 horse-power, and is specially adapted for towing against the powerful stream of the Amazon. The Emperor of Brazil, who takes a warm personal interest in all matters promoting the general welfare and development of his great Empire, was expected to inspect the vessels before their departure from Hull, and their sailing was accordingly delayed, but his hurried departure for the Continent of Europe prevented his visiting Hull.

VAGARIES OF THE HOUR.

A SAN FRANCISCO saloon-keeper has sued one of his customers for \$7,100, alleged to be due for 56,800 morning cocktails.

THE adulteration of wine in France has become so serious an abuse that the Syndical Chamber in Paris has appointed a commission to inquire into the extent of the evil, and the best means of preventing it. The commission finds that the complaints are well based, and that a practice has arisen within a few years of doctoring wines in some cases with actual poisons.

A MUSICAL festival is being organized at Vise, a town in Belgium. The managing committee have issued a circular, in which they say: "We hope that the exceptionally picturesque situation of our little town and its European reputation for the excellent preparation of geese will induce a large number of vocal societies who have not as yet notified their intention of being present, to accept the invitation we have sent them."

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—Up to October 1st, the total cash receipts reached \$2,199,238.34.

—OVER five hundred varieties of potatoes have been entered by Iowa in the Pomological Pavilion.

—LAUBER's German restaurant was damaged by fire to the extent of \$5,000 or \$10,000 on the night of October 5th.

—SERGEANT BOSTON CORBETT who fired the shot that sent John Wilkes Booth into eternity, is a janitor in the Main Building.

—THE proceeds of the sale of fruit and vegetables in the Pomological Building are devoted to the yellow fever sufferers in South Carolina.

—It is estimated that over ten millions will have visited the Exhibition before its close, on November 10th—a figure far exceeding that of any world's fair.

—MRS. CHARLTON BROOKES, of Arkansas, has on exhibition the "Sleeping Loinanet," in bright golden butter, made at her dairy and sculptured by her own hands.

—THE Park Commission have refused to allow the Main Building to stand after the close of the Exhibition on account of its obstructing the front view of Memorial Hall.

—THE cadets of the Virginia Military Academy, of which General "Stonewall" Jackson was a member of the Faculty, visited the Exhibition during the early part of this month.

—VIRGINIA, through Governor Kemper, has declined to name a day for individual celebration as one of the original thirteen States, on account of the poverty of the citizens.

—EX-SECRETARY of the United States Treasury Hugh McCulloch, now of London, who sat in the Bankers' Convention recently held here, thoroughly digested the Exhibition before leaving.

—A CRUCIBLE containing over twenty gallons of melted glass recently burst in the glass works on the Grounds, spreading the burning liquid over the floor, causing great excitement but little damage.

—THE "highest award medal and diploma" was placarded over large numbers of exhibits in Machinery Hall and Main Building, and as no such distinction has yet been made by the Judges in their awards, Director-General Goshorn has ordered them all to be taken down.

—MESSRS. PROFESSOR W. F. BLAKE, of Connecticut; A. R. Boteler, of West Virginia; W. H. Osborne, of Florida; A. J. Draper, of Oregon; and M. P. Hardy, of Virginia, have been designated by the Commission to arrange for the compilation of the history of the Exhibition.

—THE monument to Christopher Columbus, in commemoration of the discovery of America by the great navigator, was unveiled on Thursday, the 12th inst. The Italian societies of New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia—the latter society having raised the means for procuring the statue, participated in the ceremonies.

—THE live stock Exhibition Grounds, which have been closed, opened with a collection of different breeds of sheep, swine and goats, on the 10th inst. Among the entries are those of many breeders in New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Maryland, and other States, besides large numbers from Canada, England, and other foreign countries.

—C. JULIAN DANNFELDT, of Sweden; Ernest Oldendorf, of Argentine Confederation; J. A. Johnson, of the Santa Barbara Press, California; J. W. Tallmadge, of Ohio, and J. E. Stickle, of Pennsylvania, have been recently appointed by the Centennial Commission to make reports upon all national, State, and other collective exhibits. They are now in the midst of their work.

—THE importance of the propagation of food fishes, after being discussed by the Fish Culturists' Association of the United States, in annual convention at Judges' Hall, October 6th and 7th, at which Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, of New York, presided, was followed with a banquet of an unusual and novel character. The menu was entirely of fish, of which some seventy-five varieties were served.

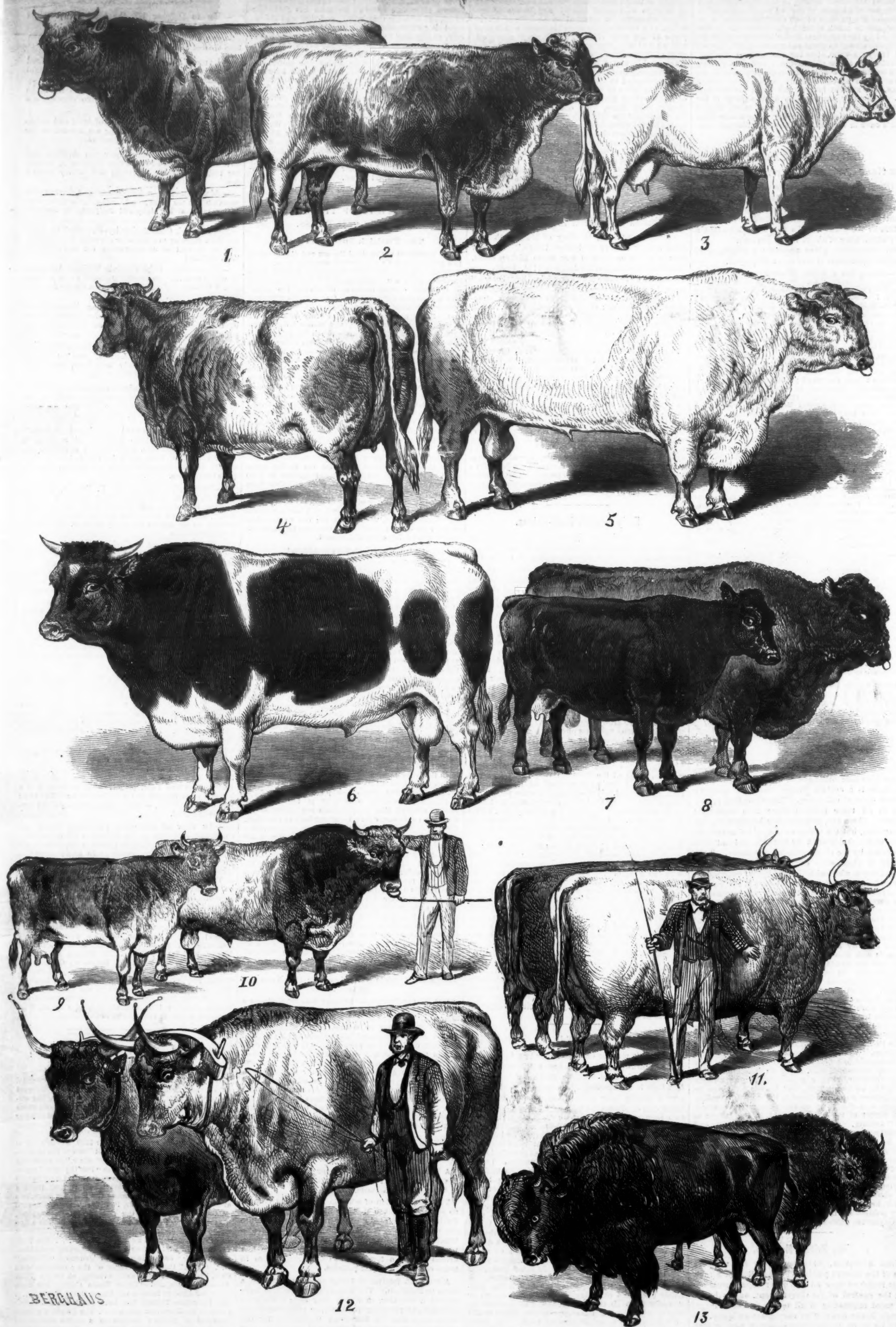
—IN view of the petty pilferings which are constantly recurring on an exhibit in the tobacco section of Agricultural Hall is pinned a paper with the following blood-curdling notice: "In an apartment in the vicinity, where the eye of the visitor cannot penetrate, there is concealed two Centennial guards and four of Pinkerton's detectives, who are constantly on the qui vive for depredators caught defacing this house (a structure composed solely of navy tobacco). If caught, Justice—abused Justice—will consign them to durango vile."

—EX-GOVERNOR ODEN BOWIE, of Maryland; Colonel Fred. G. Skinner, of New York; Reverdy Danglefield, Esq., of Virginia; Dr. J. E. Morgan, of Washington, D. C.; Hon. D. W. Osburn, of Florida; General A. T. A. Torbit, of Delaware; Clarence M. Barton, Esq., of the District of Columbia; Horace J. Smith, Esq., of Philadelphia, and Edward H. Maxwell, Esq., of Boston, are the Judges of the Centennial National Riding Tournament to be held on the special celebration day, the 19th, of Maryland, of Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware and District of Columbia.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES

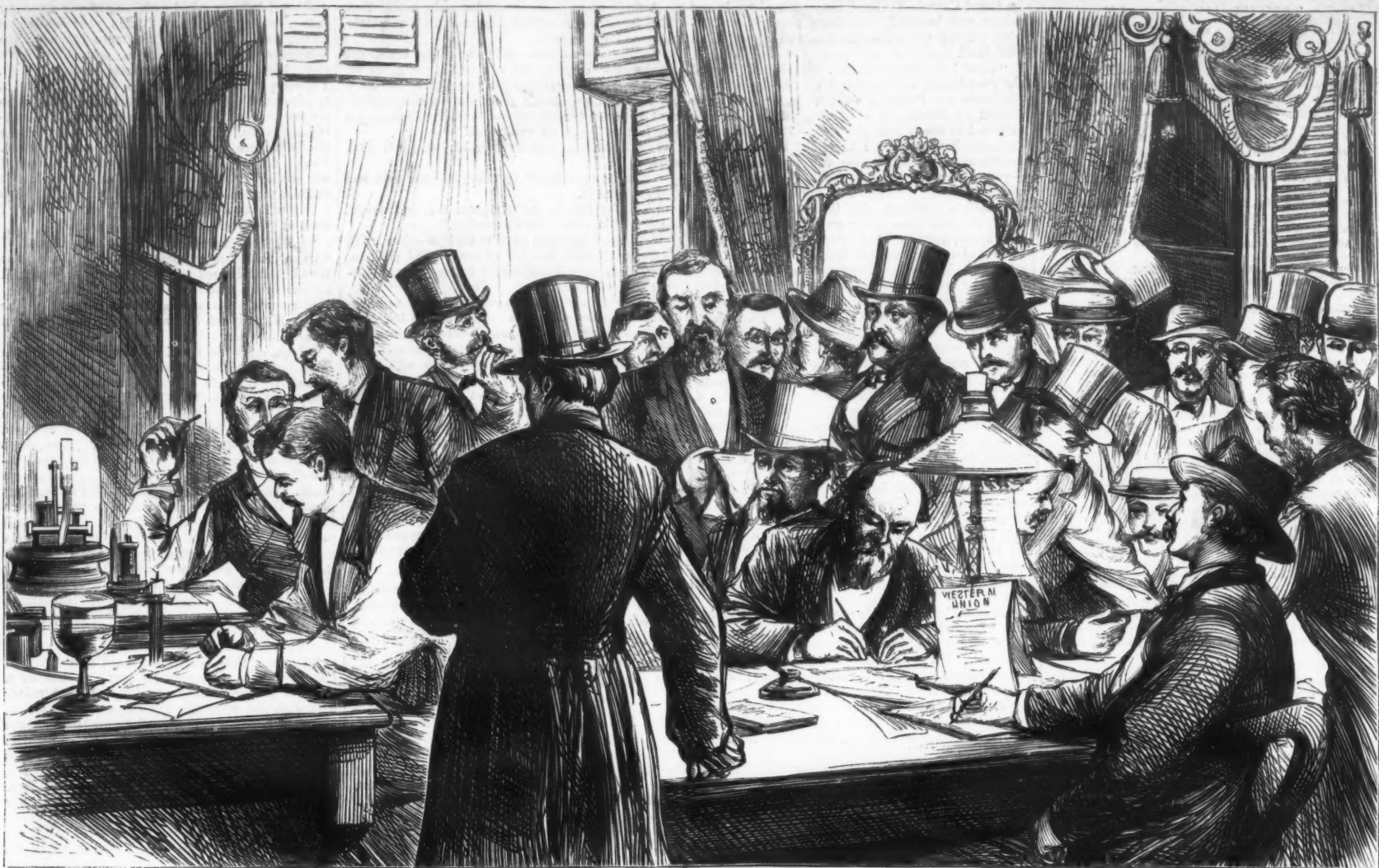
FOR WEEK ENDING OCT. 14, 1876.

THE New York Aquarium received its press baptism on Tuesday evening, October 10th, a splendid banquet and good music being brilliant accessories to the undoubted attractions of the very interesting collection of ichthyological curiosities. . . . The grand and popular concerts given by Mr. Theodore Thomas at Steinway Hall have met with flattering recognition on the part of the public. Friday evening, October 13th, was devoted to Mendelssohn. . . . "Forbidden Fruit" one of the liveliest adaptations of the "Great Divorce Case," is crowding Wallack's Theatre nightly. . . . The "Two Orphans" reproduces and maintains its first success at the Union Square Theatre. . . . "Sardanapalus" still runs at Booth's Theatre. . . . "Baba" remains the fantastic attraction at Niblo's Garden. . . . Mr. P. T. Barnum recommenced on October 9th, under the most propitious auspices, his reign at the Hippodrome. The show embraces a fine ring performance, an endless collection of curiosities, a superb menagerie, and a tattooed Greek. . . . The Park Theatre is in a fluctuating and unsatisfactory condition. "Tom Cobb" and "Sweethearts" succeed "Clouds." . . . "Life," the ballet version of the "Great Divorce Case," passes pleasantly each evening at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been taken for another lease at the Grand Opera House. . . . The Germania Theatre has been producing a Teutonic series of Shakespearean plays. . . . The Swedish quartet appeared at Booth's Theatre in a sacred concert on Sunday evening, October 15th. . . . The Oratorio Society of New York will give four concerts during the coming season, the first, "Elijah," occurring on November 8th.



BERGHANS

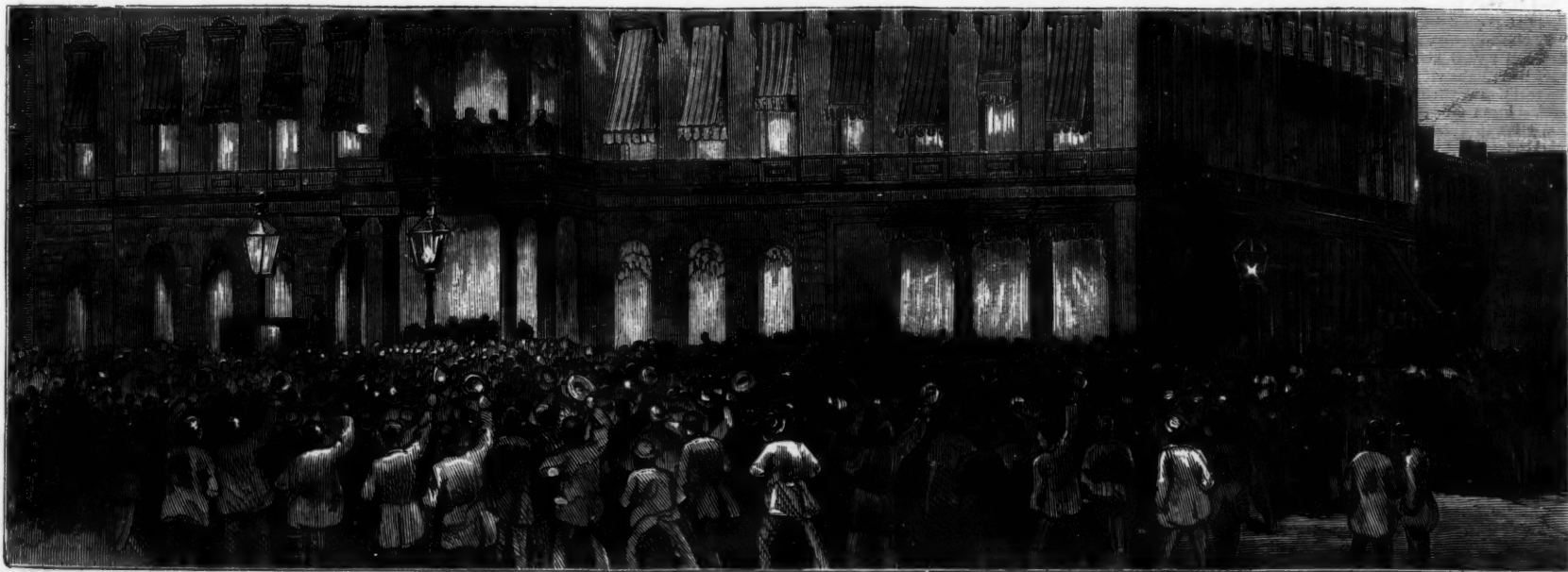
1. Oxford Geneva. 2. Winsorelli. 3. Dairymaid. 4. Wedding Day. 5. Cymbeline. 6. Crown Prince. 7. Lily Dale. 8. Roger. 9. Lucy. 10. Cossack. 11. Durham Bulls. 12. Draught Cattle. 13. Buffaloes.
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE EXHIBITION OF NEAT CATTLE AT THE CENTENNIAL STOCK-YARD, SEPTEMBER 21st TO OCTOBER 4th.
 FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 123.



RECEIVING DISPATCHES FROM INDIANA AND OHIO AT THE COMMITTEE-ROOMS.



ANNOUNCING THE TELEGRAPHIC RETURNS TO THE CROWD.



SCENE IN FRONT OF THE EVERETT HOUSE AT MIDNIGHT.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS OF 1876—SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE, AT THE EVERETT HOUSE, ON ELECTION NIGHT, OCTOBER 10TH.—SEE PAGE 122.

TEMPUS AUCTUMNALE.

BY CHARLES N. GREGORY.

NOW that to asters and gay golden-rod
The roughest bank gives late but beautiful birth;
Now that with glowing wains the oxen plod,
Slow dragging homeward the good gifts of Earth.

While 'mid the stubble cornfields, set with stacks,
In gen'rous piles the yellow pumpkins lie;
While the late sun his wonted fervor lacks,
And golden mists obscure the dreamy sky;

Now that the nights come sooner than they did,
Now that the morns more tardily return;
Now that the paths with russet leaves are hid
And frosty gentians shine amid the fern—

Who but recalls, in silence and regret,
Some sacred dust whereon the dead leaves fall;
Who, in this time for memory, can forget
The changes that the year has brought to all?

Each one has felt the stroke of death draw near—
Hath wept a brother, or hath mourned a friend—
And each considers in the waning year
That he himself is nearer to the end.

For the short course the circling seasons trace
May well epitomize life's changing way,
And, in its brief but eventful race,
The sev'ral ages of mankind portray.

First comes the infant Spring, with breezes mild,
With early buds and hopeful promising;
Like the fair youth of a delightful child
Is the first flush of the tender Spring.

And then succeeds the fervid Summer time,
Full of bright blooms, broad noons, and sultry heat;
Like the full triumph of a mortal's prime,
When the fair heights feel his ascending feet.

Then Autumn follows, with her slow decline,
When leaves are fallen, and when birds are fled;
Like that sad age that must be yours and mine
When hope has left us, and sweet youth is dead.

At last comes Winter, curtained all about
With pallid snow and skies of ashen gray;
Like that late hour when life's spent flame burns out;
"The rest is silence," we poor players say.

A Girl's Vengeance.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD OF BENEDICTION," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED.)

MRS. HAZELWOOD held the Yankee doctor in high esteem. Had he not saved Guy's life? And Dolly—well, Dolly rejoiced with her whole heart at the prospect of meeting her old suitor again. Sober, sensible Doctor Stephen, a widower now, with an immense fortune at his disposal, must have forgotten his passion for her long before. After all, she would have one friend from America to witness her nuptials, and behold the grandeur upon which she was entering. He would bring her news of Aunt Prue, too. She clasped her hands like a pleased child.

"He was kind—oh, so kind always to Aunt Prue and me," she said. "Why, I can feel the east wind blowing straight up Sea View beach whenever I think of him! You will bring him at once to the Hall—will you not?"

"I should think so!" cried Mrs. Hazelwood. "We must place our possessions and ourselves entirely at his disposal while he remains in England. Could anything be more opportune than his arrival at this particular time? May, 10th! Why, it is this very day. Guy, you must start for London immediately!"

"Exactly," answered Guy, his sleepy blue eyes all aglow with pleasure. "I have time to catch the midday express. It is possible that I may be able to bring him back to dinner. Dear old North! Faith! this seems almost too good to believe, you know."

He ordered his groom and dog cart to the door, and made ready to start for London. It was a glorious morning—all sunshine and flowers, and larks singing in the green meadows, and linnets trilling in the hawthorn-hedges. Long after, Dolly remembered its beauty with bitter pain. In high glee, Guy bade his adieux to his mother and his betrothed.

"Don't let Doctor Stephen absorb you to such an extent that you will forget to return to us," said Dolly, with a happy little laugh.

"Forget to return! That will only be when I have taken a final leave of sublunary things," answered Guy, lightly. "Embrace me, darling, and make ready to receive the doctor as my bride-elect should. Upon our wedding-morning, I will tell you a secret in which he figures largely. You will be glad to hear it, I know, for it also concerns you."

"How mysterious!" said Dolly. "What can it be?"

"Time enough for you to know two days hence," he replied, smiling.

She lifted her proud, sweet lips to his with no more thought of coming ill than the cloudless, sunny sky without had thought of tempest. Then she stood at the window and waved her white hand, and smiled and nodded farewell as he rolled away in his dog-cart down the avenue. Again and again he turned to look at her. The sun shone on his handsome face, as he lifted the hat from his blonde hair. Then a curve in the road hid him from her sight. The vehicle and its occupants vanished among the trees.

Guy Hazelwood went up to London on the midday express in an elated and expectant frame of mind, rejoicing greatly in the prospect of meeting his old friend, and bringing him back to Kent for the great event of the 12th of May.

On reaching the railway terminus he flung himself into a carriage, and drove straight to St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly. Doctor North had not yet arrived. For two mortal hours Guy waited, and still he did not come. Growing weary, at last, he wrote a message for his friend, and, leaving it with a servant of the place, went off to his Pall Mall club to dine. There, among other choice spirits,

he found Captain Vivian Clive, sipping brandy and water, and languidly watching through a plate-glass window the world which moved up and down Pall Mall.

"Egad! you're a sly one, Hazelwood!" cried the guardsman, with a sheepish look—he had not forgotten his Brighton experience. "So you've carried off the Queen of Hearts yourself, eh? I expected as much from the first. That was a bad business about Dane. I hear that her ladyship is heartbroken. Well, I wish you joy and all that—you always were a lucky dog. By-the-by, come with me to the Princess's to-night, and see Mademoiselle's Fanchon play Camille. Pretty darling! she has burst again on the London world, you know, lovelier than ever, colder than ever. 'The Polar Star' we call her, and, by Jove! the name suits her well. You remember Lord Broadlands—he used to pay court to Miss Hazelwood at Brighton—well, he's mademoiselle's latest victim, and mightily seriously he takes it, too. Then there's that hero of Abyssinian fame, Colonel Lisle, he also is sighing at her feet, hard hit, ready to marry her whenever she'll say the word."

"What! Still raving about that Frenchwoman, old boy?" answered Guy, languidly lighting a cheroot. "Her temporary absence has but added fuel to the flame of your admiration, eh? Would be delighted to visit the Princess's, I'm sure, but it's impossible. I've a friend to meet at the St. James's to-night."

"Let friendship wait for once; Mademoiselle is enchanting in Camille—in fact, she is a small Venus always when she plays the tender passion. Egad! she must have known it pretty well herself to portray it so faithfully. Yes, by Jove! some time in her short life, little Fanchon has loved, and—I'd wager a hundred guineas—unhappily."

"Pshaw!" answered Hazelwood, "it's her trade, man. Don't let mademoiselle beguile you. The aim of all her kind is to counterfeit the grand passion well. Let Broadlands offer himself—he's a modern Cressus—lord of many manors; she'll accept him, never fear."

"Faith! I doubt it. Mademoiselle has refused higher game than he—I know it for a fact. Well, come and see her in Camille, and tell me if she is not irresistible."

Guy Hazelwood had no particular desire to see Fanchon again. The strange impression which the actress had made on him months before had wellnigh faded from his memory; but the destiny which shapes our ends was at its subtle work. It had been decreed that he should go this night to the Princess's.

Half an hour after the above conversation he left the club with Clive, and went again to the hotel in Piccadilly. Still Doctor North had not arrived. To leave London—to go back to Kent without him, was out of the question. He must wait.

"And meanwhile," said Clive, "how can you pass the time more agreeably than with me at the play?"

Guy shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well. Let us go to the play, then," he answered, and the two called a carriage, entered it, and rode off to the Princess's Theatre to see that bewitching actress, Mademoiselle Fanchon, play Camille.

CHAPTER XXXII.—FANCHON.

A charming room, with bow-windows looking out on a trim London garden, and a bright sea-look fire burning away the chill and damp of the wet Spring afternoon—a luxurious room, full of soft crimson tints and lovely things characteristic of a woman's presence. Pictures glimmered on the walls, flowers scented the air. On a tiny malachite table in a corner stood a Bohemian glass full of yellow gorse. A music-rack and an upright piano occupied a recess.

Two persons held possession of the room; one, a man upon his knees in an attitude of profound devotion, the other, a girl, in dead lustrous black, her face as colorless as marble, her black moons of eyes full of vague weariness and pain.

"Rise, Lord Broadlands," she was saying with a sad smile, "men do not kneel to women nowadays—that fashion is obsolete."

"Ah, mam'zelle, do be kind to me," entreated Lord Broadlands—and a very puffy, red-faced lord he was—"I love you desperately, I'd rather marry you than any duchess that ever stepped. Leave the stage, and be my wife—to-night, to-morrow—as soon as you please. You beautiful, you distracting Fanchon, do love me!"

Fanchon shook her head.

"Impossible, my lord! I have no love to give you. Get up off your knees at once. I must discharge Celeste. I see, since she has grown so weak, that she cannot resist a bribe. I forbid you to come here again, Lord Broadlands—I forbid you to ever think of me more."

"Gad! I call this shabby treatment," muttered the noble lord, as with some difficulty he scrambled upon his feet. "You can't mean to reject me, mam'zelle. I'll settle a hundred thousand pounds upon you—I'll make you a grand lady—I'll—"

"Stop, my lord," interrupted little Fanchon; wearily, "your wealth does not tempt me in the least, neither am I ambitious to be grand lady." She rang a silver hand-bell, and the withered old face of a female servant appeared at the door. "Celeste," said the beautiful actress, "show his lordship out."

Lord Broadlands departed, angry and crestfallen. Hardly had the door closed upon him when it opened again to admit a second visitor—yea, another admirer of Dolly Hazelwood.

"Colonel Lisle!" announced Celeste, and a tall, brown figure, with a military air, stepped into the pretty room. This was the Abyssinian hero, who had worn Russian violets at Brighton and called them Dolly's colors. But since then, the charming face of the American girl had been superseded in his thoughts by one of another character.

"Mademoiselle," he began, coloring hotly under the dark eyes of the actress, "I am ordered to Gibraltar, and I cannot go without first bearing my fate from your lips. I am but a poor dissembler, and you must know already that I love you. There is but one thing more to say—will you be my wife?"

A flush of pain overspread her pale, proud face. This suitor was a gallant soldier and a true gentleman, and she knew it.

"I am sorry you have said this, Colonel Lisle," she answered—"sorry to tell you that it can never be. Long ago my heart died and was buried too deep for resurrection. Don't distress me with questions that I cannot answer, or entreaties that cannot for one instant shake my resolution."

The tears rose and overspread her great dark eyes.

"You love another?" he cried, in bitter pain and disappointment.

"Yes, my friend, one who does not, and never, never will love me—let this suffice."

He pressed her slim hand to his lips—then, with his gallant brown face full of sorrow and chagrin, departed in Lord Broadlands's footsteps, and Fanchon was left alone.

Alone with her own thoughts, and dark and miserable ones they were, too. She leaned her forehead against the window, and looked out into the mournful twilight. Young, beautiful, famous, surrounded by luxury and adoring suitors, still there was not in all that great Babel of London a more unhappy woman than Fanchon this night. She who had made so many lovers sigh, was now sighing wearily herself.

Darkness fell like a pall on the countless roofs of the immense city, and still Fanchon stood with hands clinched in the folds of her sweeping dress, and tragic eyes staring blankly into the gloom. Presently Celeste appeared at the door again, this time with a letter in her hand.

"For mademoiselle," she said. Fanchon snatched it—tore it open. It was dated at Hazel Hall and ran thus:

"I promised when I left you at Hazelcroft Station last Christmas Eve to let you know when the wedding was to be. It's expected to come off two days from this date—May the 12th—more's the pity, and there's a deal of preparation and rejoicing hereabouts. And so, dear madame, no more from your sorrowful and humble servant,"

"ESTHER JOHNSON."

The letter fluttered from her helpless hand. Was she not prepared for this? Yes, and yet it was like a stab to her passionate, rebellious heart. She sank into the nearest chair, and covered her face. Agonized sobs shook her from head to foot. In two days Dolly Hazelwood would be his wife. The scent of the gorse on the little malachite table made her cry out as if she had received a blow. Oh, the perverse heart of woman! Years before she had murdered her own happiness, and now she sat in her splendid, gifted womanhood, mourning for the dead and buried thing with anguish that would not be appeased.

"Mademoiselle," said the voice of old Celeste, at last, "it is time to make ready for the theatre."

Ah, yes! She must go and act her part, whatever happened. There were hundreds of people waiting to be amused by her this night, and, whether her heart ached or not, she must be at her post.

With a heavy sigh, Fanchon arose and tossed Johnson's letter into the grate.

"Mon Dieu!" cried old Celeste, clasping her hands, "how pale you are—yes, you are ghastly! Let me touch your cheeks with a little rouge. It is so many suitors that fatigue mademoiselle. Peste! I will admit no more—no, not one. Hark!"

The room in which the two stood was on the first floor of the house, looking out, as I have already said, upon a garden. A high, ivied wall intervened between it and the street.

As Celeste spoke she heard—as did her mistress also—a slight tap on the shutter, an uncertain, experimental tap, as if the person who made it was hardly satisfied in his own mind as to what the result might be.

"Oh, heaven!" cried Celeste, throwing up her hands—"another lover!"

Fanchon knew better. Lovers were not wont to approach her in this way. She walked to the window, flung back the curtain, and looked out.

On the other side of the pane a man was standing, trying his best to peer into the warm, bright room. One hand clutched the shutter; at sight of Fanchon he raised the other with an imploring gesture. His mouth was close to the glass, his breath spread upon it. She heard a hoarse, smothered voice. It called:

"Jacquita!"

In her terror and astonishment, Fanchon did the wildest thing possible—she raised the window. The man leaped the sill like a cat, banged down the sash, drew the curtain, and turned and faced her in the centre of the luxurious room. It was Murty Dobbin.

Murty, gaunt, haggard, unkempt, with a wild-beast glare, half-triumph and half-fear, in his sinister eyes.

Celeste stared in astonishment. Fanchon's pale face grew paler yet. Then she straightened her lithe body to its full height.

"You scoundrel!" burst from her angry lips, "how dare you come here? Leave the room, Celeste; I will attend to this person myself."

Celeste, not without certain gestures expressive of amazement and consternation, vanished.

"Bless you for that, Jack!" cried Mr. Murty, airily. "Don't look so angry, don't! I never meant to intrude on you again—no, never! But circumstances are too much for me. Oh, Lord! girl, you won't be hard on me—you know you won't. We are blood relatives, and blood is thicker than water."

The wrathful color flamed in her small pale face.

"I told you if you ever crossed my path again I would give you to the hangman without mercy!" she cried, clinching her slim hands. "How dare you come here, Murty—how dare you?"

He gave her a fugitive, deprecatory look.

"For the love of heaven, don't be hard on me, I say, Jack! I've been skulking about London ever since I parted with you at Hazel Hall, and a deuced dog's life it is, too. So you're through with your little play down in Kent, and back on the regular stage again. I've followed you often to and from the theatre. I knew, weeks ago, where you lived, but—now don't say I ain't forbearing, Jack—I never would intrude on you—no, not so long as I could help it. I knew you had money in plenty,

and yet I haven't asked a shilling of you since our last meeting in Kent. I kept your seamstress secret, too, though I ain't so sure but what the newspaper men would give me something for a story like that about a favorite actress. Well, I'm sorry to trouble you again, Jack, but I've got to get out of London. I'm going to Australia to try my luck in the bush—you needn't look so unbelieving-like. Bless me! How handsome you are, to be sure, in that dress and in this fine room. You've done well for yourself, you have! As I was saying, nobody on this side of the world will ever see me again. But a man can't start on such a trip without a shilling in his pocket. What I want of you, Jack, is a hundred pounds."

"A hundred pounds! You impudent villain! I warned you never to come near me again. If at Hazel Hall I longed to give you over to justice, I am doubly tempted to do it here."

She made a threatening movement towards the bell. He dropped his bravado air to cringe and shake before her.

"Jack, don't do that! I never was to blame for killing old Dandy—never! He was drunk—so was I. We had a fair fight, and he got the worst of it—that's all. Come; haven't I kept my word with you? Have I made you any trouble since that night in Kent? Have I tried to harm him that used to be your husband? Now, don't be so cruel hard on me. Give me the money—a small sum—it must be in your pocket, and let me be off. Get rid of me for good—that's your best plan. Your will is good enough to hang me, no doubt; but you can't forget that the same blood is in us both. Come, it's better to help me make a good beginning in another part of the world, isn't it, than to send me off the books altogether, Jack? I've another reason, too, for wanting to get out of London to-night. There's somebody here that I don't care to meet, partly for his sake, partly for my own, partly for yours, my beauty!"

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"I mean that Guy Hazelwood's in London. I've seen him with my own eyes. I was on a little job at the terminus to-day, helping a porter with luggage, when he got off a train. Come, give me a hundred pounds, and let me be off aboard the *Golden Horn* that sails to-morrow. As I'm on my good behavior now, I don't care to set eyes on your future lord again."

A change swept over Fanchon's beautiful face. She went to a little cabinet in a corner, and drew out a handful of crisp bank-notes.

"Take it, then, and go!" she cried. "I am morally certain that I am doing a foolish, perhaps a wicked thing, but take it. It is the last help I will ever give you—the last time I will ever spare you, Murty!"

His grimy fingers closed eagerly around the money.

"Fore God! I won't trouble you again, Jack. This is my good-by night in England, as you'll see."

He jammed the notes into his breast-pocket, and drew up his coat-collar to depart. He cast one long, admiring look around the room, and another at Jacquita, as she stood, eying him suspiciously, by the rose-tinted light of the shaded lamps.

"And to think all this might have been mine," he grinned, "if you hadn't jumped out of Midland Grange window one night! Well, it's hard to say good-by to you, Jack. Can't you let me out by the door? If I go to scrambling over this sill again I may be seen, and that would be awkward for your reputation, you know."

In scornful silence she hurried him to a side-entrance, unlocked it with her own hands, and, in her impatience to be rid of him, almost pushed him out.

A wicked gleam lit his sinister eyes.

"Good-by, Mam'zelle Fanchon," he said, mockingly. "Where the deuce did you light on *that* name? Your admirers need never know that you've got such a gallow-bird as Murty Dobbin for a relative. No, I'm dead to you from this hour. I won't say that you'll never hear of me again, Jack, but as to seeing me—no, never. So thank you kindly for the hundred pounds, and good-by, my beauty. You're sure to marry a lord with all that loveliness—yes, you are!"

He kissed his grimy finger-tips to her from the shadow of the door.

She closed it quickly, locked and doubly locked it, then ran back to her pretty drawing-room, and summoned Celeste. She trembled violently—with terror of Murty Dobbin or the thought that Guy Hazelwood was in London.

Celeste looked fearfully around.

"Is he gone, mademoiselle?"

"Yes. Do not, on any account, speak of this matter. That man is the only relative I possess in the world, and he is quite as respectable as he looks. It is time to go, Celeste; bring my wraps."

"Yes, mademoiselle; the carriage is at the gate."

Celeste dressed her mistress, and made ready, as was her nightly habit, to attend her to the theatre. The withered, sharp-tongued old French woman was the ogress who stood betwixt the young actress and her too importunate lovers.

Mistress and servant entered the carriage to gether. Fanchon leaned back among its cushions speechless, motionless, and was driven away to Oxford Street—away to receive the applause and admiration of the play-going multitude again.

"I have done wrong," she kept repeating to herself, uneasily. "I ought never to have given Murty the money. *Will* he leave England? Liar, murderer, thief that he is, how can I believe him!" In the greenroom, two or three of her admirers waited to receive a word or look from her before she stepped upon the boards.

But little Fanchon was like an iceberg to-night—so cold, in fact, that she was hardly civil "The Polar Star" her sighing lovers might well call her.

Celeste dressed her for her first act, and applied the rouge to her pale cheeks with a skillful hand. So, with her ghastly pallor hidden—dazzling in the young beauty which seemed to strike her audience night after night with ever new effect, Fanchon stepped out upon the stage. Two men had just entered a box on her right, and were seating themselves behind its crimson curtain. As he great, dark, languishing eyes swept the house, lo

the first thing upon which they rested was the blonde, innocent face of Guy Hazelwood, gazing blankly, fixedly at her from the shadow of that box!

(To be continued.)

A Modern Romance.—An Italian Heiress sent to a Mad-house.

THE following story, which comes through a newspaper correspondent from Rome, contains all the material requisite for constructing a first-class sensational novel:

Miss Vernieri, still in her teens, has lost her father and lives with her mother in Salerno. She is beautiful, clever and accomplished, and inherits 120,000 ducats, or about 500,000 lire. Her mother is completely under the power of the family physician, Dr. Cosimati, who poses as protector of the widow and orphan. Eligible offers of marriage are made to Miss Vernieri, but are skillfully staved off by the doctor and his dupe, the mother, their object being to enjoy the administration of the young lady's means, of which the mother was simply the depositary, and of which the prospective son-in-law would become absolute master. At length Miss Vernieri attained her majority, and her guardians anticipated her intentions of matrimony by proposing to her as *fiancée* her first cousin. The youth, however, found no favor in the eyes of Miss Vernieri, who, on the contrary, became desperately enamored of a young advocate whom she met under the roof of an aunt at Naples. Her passion was reciprocated, and the mother's opposition made the daughter only more resolute in her determination to marry the young advocate. So doctor and mother together changed their tactics. One morning Madame Vernieri said to her daughter, "Are you really determined to marry him?" "Yes," "Then, as I can't bear to see you unhappy, I give my consent." The young lady fell on her mother's neck and wept with joy till, disengaging herself, Madame Vernieri said, "Now, as your lover and his family live at Naples, it is better that we should go there to fix the day of marriage and get your *frousseau* ready." They started accordingly. They had been only two days in the hotel when Dr. Cosimati came in with a Signor Migraglia, whom he represented as a cousin of his, and as desirous of forming Miss Vernieri's acquaintance. The visit seemed one of pure courtesy. The young lady chatted pleasantly enough on current topics with the newcomer till he took his leave, and she thought no more about him. Forty-eight hours afterwards the doctor proposed a drive in the country, at which the ladies were delighted, and all three were soon in a carriage bowling along the Via del Camp.

Miss Vernieri asked many questions as to the palazzo and villas they passed, till they approached a grand edifice whose magnificent site awoke her admiration. "Where was it?" The doctor, as if suddenly struck by an idea, ordered the driver to stop. "Here," he said, "is precisely what you want, a country residence till the close of November. This palace is divided into suits of apartments. Come in, and let us see how you like them." They alighted and entered, and the doctor asked for Madame Flourens. An iron gate was then opened, admitting to a courtyard, from which they mounted two flights of stairs, and then they were ushered into a drawing-room, where they were politely received by that lady. Dr. Cosimati then intimated that Miss Vernieri wished to take apartments for the summer in the palazzo, and would like to be shown through the various suits. Madame Flourens was only too delighted, and offered her arm to the young lady, who mechanically took it. Then the mother said languidly, "You can go alone, my dear, and make your choice, which is sure to satisfy me. I am tired, and will wait here with the doctor until you come back." Madame Flourens and Miss Vernieri then moved off, and the moment the door closed behind them, the mother and doctor slipped stealthily through a private passage, gained the staircase, and were soon in the courtyard. Meanwhile Miss Vernieri was making the tour of the apartments, and it was not long before Miss Vernieri learned that she had been left in an asylum for lunatics.

Thereupon Miss Vernieri addressed herself to the task of devising her extrication from the Flourens Asylum. Vigilantly watched, she yet succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to her lover, and he went straight to work to rescue her, and bring her persecutors to justice.

He got the Procurator of the King to send forthwith to the asylum an instructing judge (*giudice istruttore*) and a notary. These gentlemen obtained immediate access to the young lady, and examined her with the most painstaking minuteness, putting questions of every kind, laying traps for and taking down her answers. She came out of the ordeal triumphantly, and the result was the immediate order from the Procuratore del Re for her release, and criminal proceedings were at once taken against Dr. Cosimati, the widow Vernieri and Dr. Migraglia. No sooner set at liberty than Miss Vernieri fled to the aunt at whose house she had met her *fiancée*. Their marriage took place immediately.

Meanwhile the conspirators, whose object it had been to prevent the marriage, and to invalidate Miss Vernieri's right to control her fortune by making her out mad, were put upon their trial at Salerno. They had already taken legal steps to complete their nefarious designs, when the young lady's release upset everything, and turned them from appellants into defendants. The section of accusation (as the Italian phrase goes) acquitted the mother, as the dupe of Cosimati. Migraglia was admitted to have acted with *bona fides*, and he, too, was declared guiltless before the law. The doctor was fully convicted. The Public Minister demanded, as his sentence, three years' imprisonment—a year for each day during which his victim was immured in the asylum, and that sentence was pronounced by the judges.

How the Pope Dresses Every Day.

THE ordinary costume of the Pope, and almost the only one which is ever correctly represented, consists of the *zimarra*, *calotte* or skull cap, stockings and slippers. The *zimarra* is a long, white gown or robe, much resembling the ordinary soutane, with false sleeves buttoned from the elbow to the wrist, and around the neck, descending to the shoulders, a *bavareto* or close-fitting pelerine. It is made of cloth in winter and merino in summer, the trimmings, buttons, buttonholes, etc., being of white silk; a collar attached to it surrounds and protects the neck. The *calotte* or skull cap is of white silk throughout, in the form of a hemisphere with triangular sides. This is worn on the back of the head, one edge being barely perceptible in front.

The stockings are of white wool or silk, according to the season.

The slippers are of a kind of light shoes, with flat soles, made up of morocco or red cloth for the winter, and of silk for the summer. They are tied with strings of red silk, and have a cross embroidered in gold on that part of the upper covering the instep. It is this cross which the Holy Father presents to the faithful to kiss, which ceremony has given rise to the expression, "kissing the Pope's toe."

The ring worn by the Holy Father in ordinary costume is of gold, with a cameo or a precious stone in the setting. The ring is the sign of alliance and union with the Holy Roman Church, and is worn on the fourth finger of the right hand. This is the costume worn in private audiences.

As we see by this, white is the distinguishing color of the Pope. By it are signified innocence, chastity of morals, and eminence of virtues.

Before the usurpation of the States of the Church and the occupation of Rome by the Italians in 1870, the Holy Father went out every day for an hour or two in his carriage, accompanied generally by one or two cardinals. Coming to a quiet part of the road outside the city they would alight from their carriage and walk and chat for a half-mile or so. Now his promenades are confined to the loggia of the Vatican. On these occasions his costume does not differ from the ordinary costume except by the addition of the pectoral cross, the cincture, and the mantello or cloak in winter.

Pius IX. was the first to commence to wear the pectoral cross, because it characterizes more particularly the Episcopal order. It is of gold and contains a small portion of the true cross. It rests on his breast suspended from a gold chain. The cincture of white mohair is another innovation of the reigning pontiff. It is passed round the body and is knotted at the left side. Its extremities, which hang towards the front, are ornamented with a plain silk fringe or a band of gold braid.

During the winter a large, red cloak of woolen material or cloth, lined with silk, is worn over the shoulders.

In winter sometimes is worn the *camaua*, a large, deep cape, made of velvet and bordered with ermine. Pius IX. is the only Pope since Pius VI. who has worn the *camaua*.

The *capellone* is a low hat with a very wide leaf made of red felt or straw, covered with red silk, for the summer. It is of a peculiar form, *allapapale*. The leaf is raised on each side and is attached to the crown by strings. It is bound with a ribbon of gold, and is surrounded by a cord of red silk and gold passementerie, which is terminated by tassels of gold.

The Origin of Fire.

IN the *Revue Scientifique* there appears a curious paper by Professor Jolly, in which he inquires by whom and when fire was first discovered. Alluding to the fable of Prometheus, he finds it of Indian origin. In the Vedas the god of fire, Agni (compare with the Latin *ignis*), is concealed in a secret place, whence the god Matarishvan forces him out, and makes him communicate the celestial fire to Manu, the first man. The very name of Prometheus is traceable to the Vedas, and calls to mind the process employed by the ancient Brahmins to obtain the sacred fire. For this purpose they used a stick, called *pramatha*, which they ignited by friction. The prefix *pra* gives the idea of taking by force, a circumstance which strengthens the evidence afforded by the resemblance of that word Prometheus. There were several ways for obtaining fire by friction; the most primitive one consisted in rubbing two pieces of dry wood against each other, but this was improved in course of time. A stick was made to slide very fast up and down in a groove; then came the "fire-drill," consisting in a piece of wood having a cavity in which a stick was inserted, which was pressed upon by the operator, who at the same time made it turn very fast, after the fashion of a wimble. The Brahmins used this drill, but with a cord rolled round it, by pulling which they gave an alternate rotatory motion to the stick. Another mode of obtaining fire was that of striking two flints together, etc. Professor Jolly now arrives at the question as to whether prehistoric man was in possession of fire. The Abbe Bourgeois goes so far as to say that it was known as early as the miocene period, because in the sands of the Orleansais he has found a piece of artificial paste having cinders adhering to it, and lying in the midst of bones of the mastodon and dinotarium. He considers the thing not impossible, but not sufficiently proved; nevertheless, he is positive that the most ancient quaternary man did use fire; many fireplaces with ashes, cinders, half-calined bones, and fragments of rude pottery having unquestionably been found in caverns pertaining to the period of the reindeer, the bear, and polished stone.

Favorite Books of Famous Men.

WE are told that Shakespeare's favorite writers were Plutarch and Montaigne. Milton's favorite books were Homer, Ovid, and Euripides. The latter book was also the favorite book of Charles James Fox, who regarded the study of it as especially useful to a public speaker. On the other hand, Pitt took especial delight in Milton, whom Fox did not appreciate, taking pleasure in reciting from "Paradise Lost" the grand speech of Belial before the assembled powers of pandemonium. Another favorite book of Pitt's was Newton's "Principia." Again, the Earl of Chatham's favorite book was "Barrow's Sermons," which he read so often that he was able to repeat them from memory, while Burke's companions were Demosthenes, Milton, Bolingbroke, and Young's "Night Thoughts." Curran's favorite was Homer, which he read through once a year. Virgil was another of his favorites—his biographer, Phillips, saying that he once saw him reading the *Eneid* in the cabin of a Holyhead packet while every one about him was prostrated by sea-sickness.

Of the poets, Dante's favorite was Virgil; Corneille's, Lucan; Schiller's was Shakespeare; Gray's was Spenser; while Coleridge admitted Collins and Bowles. Dante himself was a favorite with most poets, from Chaucer to Byron and Tennyson. Lord Brougham, Macaulay and Carlyle have alike admired and eulogized the great Italian. The former advised the students at Glasgow that next to Demosthenes the study of Dante was the best preparative for the eloquence of the pulpit or the bar. Robert Hall sought relief in Dante from the racking pains of spinal disease, and Sydney Smith took to the same poet for comfort and solace in his old age. It was characteristic of Goethe that his favorite book should have been Spinoza's "Ethics," in which he said he found peace and consolation such as he had been able to find in no other work. Barrow's favorite was St. Chrysostom; Bossuet's was Homer; Bunyan's was the old legend of "Sir Bevis of Southampton," which, in all probability, gave him the first idea of his "Pilgrim's Progress." One of the best prelates that ever sat on the English bench, Dr. John Sharp, said: "Shakespeare and the Bible have made me Archbishop of York." The two books which most impressed John Wesley when a young man were "The Imitation of Christ" and Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." Yet Wesley was accustomed to caution his young friends against over much reading: "Beware you be not swallowed up in books," he would say to them; "an ounce of love is worth a pound of knowledge." Wesley's own life has been a great favorite with many thoughtful readers.

Coleridge says in his preface to Southey's life of Wesley, that it was more often in his hands than any other in his ragged book regiment. Southey had only a few books in his library, but they were of the best—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Camons, Tasso and Milton. De Quincy's favorite few were Donne, Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, Milton, South, Barrow and Sir Thomas Browne. He described these writers as a pleiad, or constellation of seven golden stars, such as, in their class, no literature can match, and from these works he would undertake to build up an entire body of philosophy. Frederick the Great manifested his strong French leanings in his choice of books, his principal favorites being Bayle, Rousseau, Voltaire, Rollin, Fleury, Malebranche, and one English author—Locke. His especial favorite was Bayle's Dictionary, which was the first book that laid hold of his mind, and he thought so highly of it, that he himself made

an abridgment and translation of it into German, which was published.

It was a saying of Frederick's that books made up no small part of true happiness. In his old age he said: "My last passion will be for literature." It seems odd that Marshal Blucher's favorite book should have been Klopstock's "Messiah," and Napoleon Bonaparte's favorites "Ossian's Poems" and "Sorrowful Werter." But Napoleon's range of reading was very extensive. It included Homer, Virgil, Tasso, novels of all countries, histories of all times, mathematics, legislation and theology. He detested what he called the bombast and tinsel of Voltaire. The praises of Homer and Ossian he was never wearied of sounding. "Read again," he said to an officer on board the *Bellerophon*, "read again the poet of Achilles, devour Ossian. Those are the poets who lift up the soul and give to man a colossal greatness." The Duke of Wellington was an extensive reader. His principal favorites were Clarendon, Bishop Butler, Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Hume, Archduke Charles, Leslie and the Bible. He was also particularly interested in French and English Memoirs, more especially the French Memoirs, *pour servir* of all kinds. When at Walmer, Mr. Glegg says, the Bible, prayer-book, Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying" and Caesar's "Commentaries" lay within his reach, and, judging by the marks of use on them, they must have been much read and often consulted.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Machine-made Objectives.—The Council of the Paris Observatory has resolved to attempt the manufacture of object-glasses by machinery, instead of by hand. The mechanical cutting of flint and crown-glass will be executed by M. Lessautre, the well-known clockmaker, who prepares the optical part of French lighthouses by machinery.

New Test Paper.—Dr. Waller has prepared a new test paper by soaking strips of white paper in a solution of coralline. It is exceedingly sensitive to the action of alkalies, which turn it to a beautiful red even in dilute solutions. Acids turn it yellow; but as the action is less striking, Dr. Waller proposes to use the paper only for alkalies, as a substitute for red litmus.

Peat Paper.—Specimens of paper and cardboard made from peat were recently presented to the Berlin Polytechnic Association by Herr Veyt-Meyer. The cardboard was so thick that it could be planed and polished. Paper made of peat alone is like that made from wood or straw; but only fifteen per cent. of rags is needed to give it consistency. A large factory for the manufacture of peat-paper is to be established in Prussia.

Drying Eggs.—A new industry—that of drying eggs—has been set on foot at Pussau, on the Danube, and the Prussian military authorities are about to give the result of a trial for soldiers' rations. The London *News* says several German chemists are very sanguine as to the success of the experiment, and they pronounce dried eggs to have lost none of their valuable properties by the gradual evaporation of the water contained by them in their original state.

Lead Paralysis.—An official inspector in England reports as to the danger of working in white-lead manufactures. The harm comes partly from inhaling particles of lead, but principally from absorbing it through contact, causing paralysis. A few manufacturers compel their workmen to wear gloves and respirators, and to wash themselves thoroughly at the close of each day's work; but the employees generally dislike the trouble of these precautions, and show great recklessness of health.

Tempered Glass.—It is now affirmed that the Bastie glass, which is undoubtedly hardened by tempering, loses its molecular cohesion under a succession of blows, and then fractures as readily as ordinary glass. Tempered glass submitted to hammering presented an appearance on fracture similar to that of fatigue steel, a molecular disintegration having taken place. It is feared that this alteration of structure and consequent loss of temper may not only follow from shock, but may happen spontaneously in the lapse of time.

American Lead.—The lead product and consumption of this country are both rapidly increasing, while imports are decreasing. In 1866 the product was 14,342 tons; in 1875, 53,000; with imports in 1866 of 27,200 tons; in 1875, 11,000. The annual consumption of the United States is about 60,000 tons, from which it appears that a slight increase of production would give a surplus for exportation. Spain and Great Britain are the only countries which yield more than the United States.

Vivisection.—The Cruelty-to-animals Bill, recently enacted by the British Parliament, provides that vivisection should only be performed with a view to the advancement of human knowledge, the prolongation of human life, or the alleviation of human suffering; that it must take place in a registered laboratory; that it must be performed by a person duly licensed; that the animals must be put under the influence of anesthetics; and that, where pain would be prolonged after the anesthetic effects had subsided, the animals should be killed.

Measurement of a Ship's Speed.—A plan for ascertaining the speed at which a ship passes through the water, has been tried at Portsmouth, and is still under consideration. It consists of a tube which runs fore and aft through the ship, and is placed upon the top of the keelson. As the water passes through, it is made to turn some gear in the centre of the ship, by means of which the speed is registered upon a couple of dials, on the same principle as the water-metre. The process is rather cumbersome, but there is no question that it would act so long as the tubes were kept free.

A New Paper Process.—A recent English patent for preparing paper stuff into a new material to be used as a substitute for wood, leather, and other materials in a variety of uses, consists in forming the fibrous materials into paper in the usual way, with as little bleaching and pulping as possible, so as not to destroy the fibre. As the paper so manufactured comes from the rolls it is taken with a material, either of vegetable silk or wool, which has passed through a carding-machine, but not pulped, and the two materials are passed together through rolls, and blended together by pressure into one sheet. Any number of layers that may be desired, according to the use which it is to be subsequently put, are then incorporated one on the other by hydraulic or accumulative pressure.

Trade Mortality.—Potters are among the three sections of the population of England who represent the lowest vitality. The males of fifteen and upwards die at the rate of 38 per cent. above the males of all ages; and the commencement of this increased mortality is at the period when the men are approaching their prime of life, namely, at thirty-five years, and it extends onward to the end of life. Thus, where in the general population 100 males of thirty-five die, a proportion equal to 154 potters dies. For the four subsequent increments, namely, forty-five, fifty-five, sixty-five and seventy-five years, for 100 deaths in the general male population, the deaths among the male potters are proportionately 182, 181, 192, 141. The wages of the potters are good, and the labor not physically severe on healthy, fully developed persons. The special diseases incident to this kind of employment are bronchitis, with "potter's asthma," pulmonary consumption, and lead paralysis. Subsidiary to these are rheumatic affections and affections of the stomach.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

FATHER BURKE has been invited to revisit America, but excuses himself on the ground of ill health.

THE Rothschilds are said to favor the "Positive Philosophy" of Comte, and to be growing lukewarm in their attachment to the Jewish faith.

JAMES KNOX, ex-Member of Congress from Galesburg (Ill.) District, died on the 9th. He graduated at Yale in 1830, and remembered his Alma Mater in 1872 by a gift of \$10,000.

DR. THOLUCK, the great German theologian, is in very feeble health, but his mind is clear. He is seventy-eight years old, and is living with his wife in the peace of a good old age.

BISHOP LEVI SCOTT, of Dover, Del., by right of seniority, becomes the Presiding Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in place of Bishop James deceased. He was elected in 1852.

ISRAELI has adopted, under the weight of his new title, the unobtrusive motto, "*Forti nihil diffidit*." And his armorial bearings are a rampant mixture of argents, gules, lions, towers and eagles.

THE Mikado of Japan now always appears, except at great festivities, in European garb, and in a chimney-pot hat, under which the olive oval of his face and his long eyes must look quaint indeed.

QUIDA will not authorize the dramatization of any of her novels, because "in the present state of the English stage a novel must be vulgarized in its incidents by any theatrical representation of it."

MONSIEUR MENIER, in the French Chamber of Deputies, urges as a remedy for the decrease of population in France that all bachelors should be taxed. He includes among these the 175,000 priests of the country, whom he would by no means exempt.

ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT VON DER HORCK, who last year, in his own vessel, made a tour of the Arctic Sea in the interest of science, has arrived in this country from Glasgow, where he lectured before the British Association. He has promised to lecture before the American Geographical Society next month.

DOM PEDRO left Moscow on the 10th of September for Nijni-Novgorod, when he intended to proceed by way of Kiev to Livadia in the Crimea, where the Russian Court has been established for some time. The Brazilian Empress, traveling as the Countess of Alcantara, was in Vienna on the 15th of September.

THE mysterious "X," who figured in the trial of the Marquis di Mantegazza, sentenced to eight years at hard labor for forging Victor Emmanuel's name, is, it is whispered abroad, the king's illegitimate son, the Marquis Spinola. Rumor adds that, as soon as the thing blows over, Mantegazza, who is innocent, will be pardoned out and rewarded.

THE Khédive of Egypt has imprisoned an ambassador of King John of Abyssinia, who lately arrived to negotiate a peace, and afterwards proceeded to England. A palace is his prison-house, and he enjoys the range of its gardens, but beyond their precincts he cannot go. The Government denies that he is detained, and will give no explanations.

THE three daughters of M. B. Goodwin, of Franklin, N. H., have recently been appointed to educational positions as follows: Alice P. Goodwin, Professor of Latin and Greek in Chambersburg (Pa.) Female College; Ellen N. Goodwin, Principal of the Union Grammar School of Tilton, N. H.; Sarah B. Goodwin, in the High School at Weymouth, Mass.

PARIS papers say that the charmer who keeps the Crown-Prince of Holland away from his country, and gets him into trouble with his royal father and the Dutch Ministry, is an American. She is noted for her large and beautiful eyes; but it is more than hinted at one of them is glass, and was supplied to the lady through the munificence of his Royal Highness, to be ultimately paid for, of course, by the taxpayers of the Netherlands.

HENRI ROCHEFORT, through his journal, the *Droits de l'Homme*, has attacked Marshal MacMahon on the ground of his want of Republican sympathies. "During his provincial tour," he says, "the Marshal succeeded in replying to about twenty addresses without once pronouncing the word 'republic.' A foreigner in his escort would have been puzzled to know whether he accompanied an emperor, an absolute king, or a constitutional sovereign."

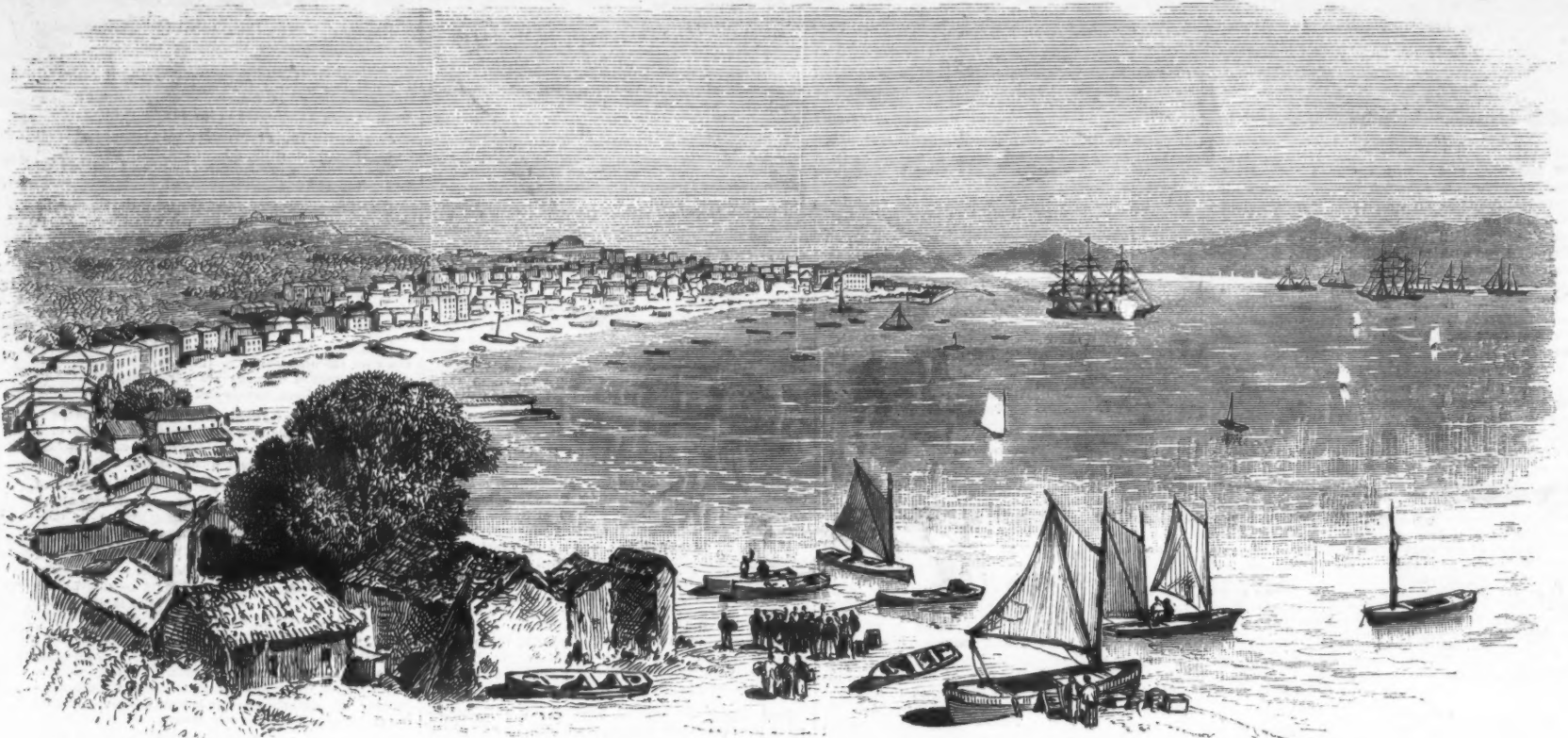
WHEN Queen Isabella re-entered the Escorial Palace, the other day, after her long absence, and was welcomed by General Primo de Rivera in the name of the King, she began to cry very heartily before a crowd of officers and dignitaries. Afterwards she talked very animatedly with all, having a kind word for every one. She endeavored to impress upon all that she had no other designs in Spain than that of devoting herself to the care and education of the Infantes.

JOHN L. ROUTT, who served his apprenticeship as Governor of Colorado when it was a Territory, and has now been chosen to preside over the State, began life as a carpenter, and when he married at eighteen a girl-wife they had only \$20 in money and a few clothes suited to their station. Governor Routt is small in stature, falling below the medium height; compact, and very stoutly built. He is a perfect Chesterfield in politeness, being very courteous and affable.

IN a communication to the Academy of Sciences, M. A. Moret states that during a recent balloon ascent off Cherbourg, with M. Durof, they were surprised, at a height of 1,700 metres, to see the bottom of the sea in its minutest details, though the channel at that point must be sixty or eighty metres deep. The rocks and undercurrents were clearly visible. He suggests that balloon observations might prevent shipping disasters due to deficiencies in charts.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has addressed a letter to the Anglican bishops abroad respecting the proposed Pan-Anglican Synod in 1878. His grace informs the prelates to whom he writes that he is disposed to hold a conference, like that of 1867, at Lambeth, in or about the month of July, 1878, if it shall be generally desired; and he requests his correspondents to inform him what their views on the subject are, and whether they expect to be able to attend the conference if it should be held.

THE most modest man in America lives in Rochester, N. Y., and has given the valuable museums to the University of Virginia and Washington and Lee University. The rector of the University of Virginia wished to have a life-size portrait of his benefactor, to be placed in the museum hall after the donor shall have passed away, or when he may have decided to permit his name to be made public. Mr. — replied that he was an obscure man, and did not wish to have his name associated with that of the great Thomas Jefferson, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer—he thought it would savor of presumption. He further expressed his intention to make the museum of the University of Virginia the most extensive and valuable in America. There will be expended on it nearly \$70,000, and it is estimated that it will take \$28,000 to carry out the designs of the donor with regard to the Washington and Lee University.



SPAIN.—DEPARTURE FROM THE PORT OF VIGO, SPAIN, SEPTEMBER 27TH, OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "FRANKLIN," FOR NEW YORK, WITH WILLIAM M. TWEED IN CUSTODY.

THE PORT OF VIGO, SPAIN,

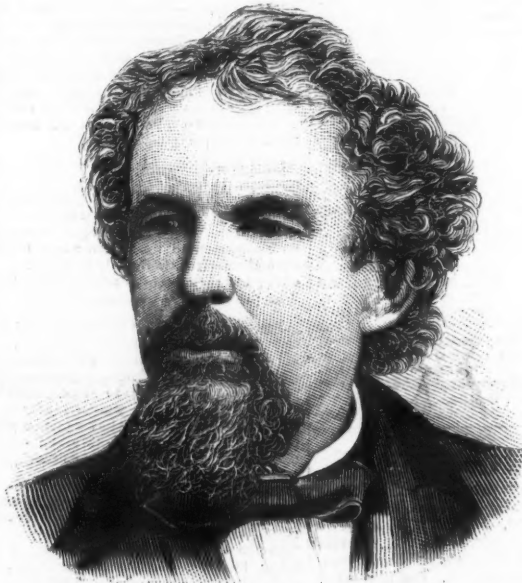
WHERE TWEED WAS LODGED AFTER HIS CAPTURE.

ON the 9th of September last intelligence was received that William M. Tweed, traveling under the name of Secor, and his cousin, William Hunt, had been arrested on board a Spanish merchantman in the port of Vigo. A second dispatch, published two days later, stated that the arrests were made at Pontevedra, where the men had landed from a sailing-vessel in which they had escaped from Cuba. It was added that the prisoners had been securely confined in the castle at Vigo. Vigo itself is an ancient seaport town in the province, and fifteen miles south, of Pontevedra, situated on a bay of the same name. The harbor is accessible to small craft, but there is a roadstead, sheltered by hills and protected by fortified castles, where there is a sufficient depth of water to permit English and French steamers engaged in South American traffic to ride at anchor. Sir Francis Drake frequently laid waste the place in the sixteenth century; in October, 1702, the allied English and Dutch squadron destroyed a Spanish galleon fleet and French convoys off its shore; and in 1719 the town was captured by the English. It has a population of about 8,000, and exports large quantities of wine and fish. The United States steamer *Franklin*, with Tweed on board, sailed on the morning of September 27th, and is expected to reach New York about the 25th of this month. He offered very little objection to his removal. The quarters of Rear-Admiral Case were assigned to him. Tweed's alleged "cousin," William Hunt, is said to be General Tweed, and was released when the fallen Tammany chieftain was removed from the *Castell del Castro* to the war-vessel. Our illustration is from a photograph kindly furnished by M. E. Caule, a native of the town, and is the only authentic one published in this country.

NICHOLAS H. DECKER,

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR CONGRESS IN THE TWENTIETH NEW YORK DISTRICT.

NICHOLAS H. DECKER, the Democratic nominee for Congress in the Twentieth Congressional District of New York State, is descended from a family that emigrated from Holland to the American Colonies in 1760, and settled in Ulster County, N. Y. Young



NICHOLAS H. DECKER, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE TWENTIETH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

Decker, when about sixteen years of age, began the study of civil engineering. The first railroad building enterprise in which Mr. Decker embarked was constructing a portion of the Erie Railway in the vicinity of Sherbank, on the Delaware River. After this he built the Worcester and Springfield and the Albany and Stockbridge Roads. His next project was the building of a railroad-bridge over the Connecticut River at Willimantic. Soon after he constructed the Providence and Worcester Road, and then the road from Worcester to Burlington, Vt. His constructive skill and judgment early commended him to Commodore Vanderbilt's warm confidence, and in several of his most important undertakings he engaged Mr. Decker.

In 1848 he switched off to the Hudson River Road, and constructed the immense work through Pullen's Point to Sing Sing. For three years he was engaged on this road, taking various contracts for building portions of it. This completed, he built the road from Albany to Waterford. Shortly after this he built the Union Railroad of Troy, including the bridge and tunnel—two masterpieces of railway construction. Removing to the West, he, among other roads, built the Michigan Southern Railroad, and seventy miles of the Peoria and Hannibal Road. In 1860 he came East, and built the Staten Island Railroad, and upon its completion, the North Shore Road from Flushing to Manhasset, and after that he took a half-million contract on the Hudson River Road. In 1871 he completed the Spuyten Duyvil and Port Morris Road, and then he took contracts on the quadruple tracks of the Central Road to the amount of a million dollars, and his work was the first to be completed. This work was done in main through the counties of Montgomery and Schenectady. At present he is at work on the immense elevator at New York, built by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company.

The utmost probity and integrity has characterized his dealings, and his benevolence is as broadly liberal as it is unostentatious. The lesson of his life is full of instructive teaching to young men—a lesson of what may be accomplished by perseverance, industry, right-doing—the lesson of a thoroughly wholesome, hearty, manly and worthy life. He stands upon the broad platform of Democracy, Economy and Reform, and is entitled to the heartiest support of both political parties. His accession to Washington society will be cordially welcomed, not alone on account of his personal attractiveness, but also on account of his estimable wife, whose distinguished social graces will make her a brilliant ornament in the bright circle which congregates in that gay capital during the Winter sessions of the National Legislature.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE KING OF SIAM'S GIFT OF GOLD AND SILVER TO THE UNITED STATES FOR EXHIBITION AT THE CENTENNIAL. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, SAN FRANCISCO.

GIFT OF THE KING OF SIAM TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

IT will be remembered that while the King of Siam was anxious to have his country suitably represented in the Centennial Exposition, he experienced great difficulty in the collection and arrangement of articles, on account of the unexplained interference of the United States consul at his court. The goods lay for a long time awaiting shipment, and it was only when an agreement was had with the United States authorities at San Francisco, who promised to have the exhibits carefully transported from Siam to the Pacific Coast, and thence to Philadelphia, that the King consented to let them go. These exhibits were placed in two hundred and eighteen packages, and are now displayed in the naval section of the Government Building.

With the exhibits is a service of plate, of Siamese workmanship, of the highest order of art, which the King sends as a special present to the Government, and which will be formally tendered at the close of the Exhibition.

It consists of a centerpiece, or *epervier*, formed of five bowls diminishing in size, to be placed one upon the other, with an ornamental piece at top; a gold or gilt article like a brasier; an upright shaft, with an ornamental cross-piece at top—of which the use is not immediately apparent; six small conical-shaped boxes, with movable covers; several others, with hinged covers; a tea-kettle, and other nondescript articles. All of these are made of solid beaten silver, some being covered with a thin lacquer of gold, and others enameled. The two larger pieces stand about two feet high; the smaller are about the size of small dinner coffee-cups and individual salts.

CENTENNIAL "STATE DAYS."

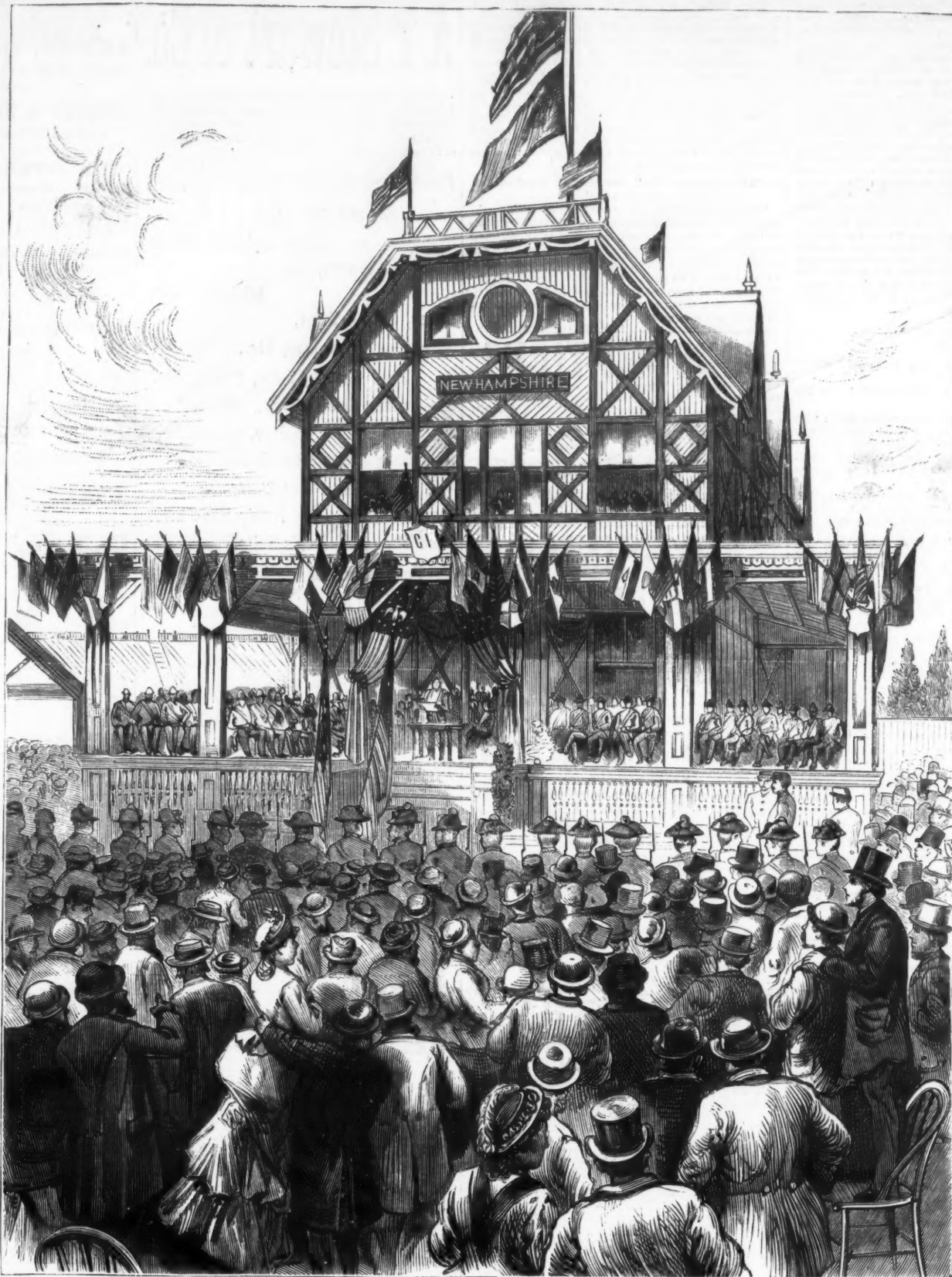
"NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY," OCTOBER 12.

THE Granite State, from whose green-clad hills Stark and Sullivan led a noble band of heroes, who at Bennington added immortal laurels to New Hampshire's sons, had her day at the Centennial on Thursday, October 12th. The State Building was gayly decorated with national and international colors. Governor Cheney and staff were escorted to it by the Centennial Commission, Board of Finance, the Lexington Cadets and Amoskeag Veterans. A mass of people numbering 8,000 assembled around the front of the structure, while

the Amoskeag Veterans, with their picturesque Continental uniforms, were drawn up in a line before the Governor and staff. General Hawley, as President of the Commission, welcomed the Governor,

and the latter in a few words acknowledged the cordiality of the reception. Further on in the exercises the Governor addressed the assemblage, reviewing the early history of New Hampshire and

per, written by Captain J. S. Hay, relating to a strange malformation in the males of a tribe of people he had visited in the district of Akem, in West Africa. The extract was as follows: "Two diagrams



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—"NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY," OCTOBER 12TH.—GOVERNOR CHENEY ADDRESSING THE GUESTS FROM THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE BUILDING.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

the active part he took in the war for independence. Professor E. D. Sanborn, the orator of the day, eulogized the heroes of the Revolution that were numbered among the many sons of New Hampshire in that struggle for freedom, and in conclusion said: "We do best when we reverence the Constitution of these United States as the noblest production of human wisdom, and the most beneficent form of government ever devised by man. It has been our palladium for a century, and it will continue to be so in future years."

Short addresses were made by Ex-Governor E. A. Shaw; Hon. Lewis H. Clark; Hon. Benjamin F. Prescott, Secretary of State; General George B. Spaulding, of Dover; Major Farr; Hon. James O. Adams, Secretary of the Board of Agriculture; Colonel W. E. Stevens, editor of the *Concord Statesman*; and Major James L. Briggs, of the Amoskeag Veterans. The ceremonies ended with an informal handshaking with the visitors from New Hampshire—who numbered several thousands—the officials of the Exhibition, and the guests at the State Building.

THE SIOUX WAR.

INCIDENTS IN GEN. CROOK'S CAMPAIGN.

EARLY in September, General Crook determined to strike out for the nearest settlement in the Black Hills, and take the chances of getting through on half-rations. On the 7th, some of the men on march ate raw horse-meat, and on the 9th, six horses were killed, by order, for food. Two days later, General Miles's command of cavalry was sent ahead, with instructions to secure food for the main column, which Crook expected to have at the Black Hills within three days. The capture of an Indian village of forty lodges by General Miles, by which the stock of winter supplies gathered by the hostiles was secured, afforded great relief to the troops, who had marched for forty days in mud and rain on a stinted supply of bacon, hard-tack, horse flesh, and a little antelope-meat. The scarcity of rations was caused chiefly by the stampede of the beef-herd by the Shoshone allies, on their arrival at the camp on Goose Creek.

Horned Men in Africa.

At a recent meeting of the British Association, Captain Cameron read a portion of a paper, written by Captain J. S. Hay, relating to a strange malformation in the males of a tribe of people he had visited in the district of Akem, in West Africa. The extract was as follows: "Two diagrams



MONTANA.—THE SIOUX WAR.—HUNTING FOR GENERAL CROOK'S COMMAND, NEAR THE MONTANA BORDER, JUNE 8TH.

which are laid before you depict to the best of my ability, and will at least convey some idea of a malformation which is, I believe, peculiar to this tribe. I have at least noticed it in no other. The malformation in question is confined to the male sex, and consists in a protuberance or enlargement of the cheek-bones under the eyes, which take the form of horns on each side of the nose. This malformation begins in childhood, but is not, so far as I am aware, hereditary. It presents no appearance of being a diseased structure, nor is it a raised cicatrice, after the fashion adopted by many African tribes. On the contrary, I have seen children with this peculiarity of structure whose parents were doing their utmost, though ineffectually, to stop it by medicines and applications. In the meantime, to set all speculation and conjecture at rest, and to corroborate a statement that doubtless may appear extraordinary, I have lost no time in writing to a missionary, a native of the country, to procure me, if possible, skulls in which the phenomenon appears; and as soon as these arrive it is my intention to exhibit them, in connection with a paper on the subject, which I propose to read at the Anthropological Institute in London."

FUN.

EVIL communications—with refractory stove-pipes—corrupt good morals.

"Down with the Poles!" (telegraph) is now the popular cry in the city.

AND an editor, puffing air-tight coffins said: "No person having once tried one of these air-tight coffins will ever use any other."

A BOSTON waiter the other day on being reprimanded for his inattentiveness replied: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

A POOR fellow seeking for employment in a Chicago telegraph-office finally asked to be hired as a telegraph-pole. It was no use; every post was full.

AN Illinois girl couldn't secure a certificate as a school-teacher because she couldn't tell the committee why the hind-wheels of a wagon were the largest.

IT was Little Three-year-old who, when a carpenter had been called in to ease the doors, ran into an adjoining room to tell her mother that he was "taking the skin off the door."

A YOUNG lady in Boston refused to attend church because her new hat had not been sent home. "I hate the devil and all his works," she said; "but I hate an old-fashioned bonnet more."

"SPEAKING of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a poor fellow has been 'shaved' by them," the wretch replied.

"I DON'T see how you can have been working all day like a horse," exclaimed the wife of a lawyer, her husband having declared that he had been thus working. "Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day, anyhow."

A PROFESSOR was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said, "It's of no use; I was cut out for a loafer." "Well," declared the professor, surveying the student critically, "whoever cut you out understood his business."

A PIOUS but uneducated judge closed a sentence with the following touching reproach: "Prisoner at the bar, nature has endowed you with a good education and respectable family connections, instead of which you go prowling around the country after ducks."

MARK Twain is an out-and-out Hayes man. The letter of acceptance he says, "corroborated his vote" at once. Recently a Tilden club asked him to assist at their flag-raising, and "give counsel." He wrote and gave them counsel "in the kindest manner—not to raise their flag."

"JUST for the fun of the thing," a citizen stepped up to countryman, a night or two since, and asked him to lend him his hat, a dilapidated affair, placing his own glossy silk tie upon the husbandman's head for security. He then turned round and began talking to his friends, and on looking about for his hat, both it and the green youth had vanished. The citizen considered himself sufficiently amused.

Burnett's Cocoa kills dandruff, allays irritation and promotes the growth of hair.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Indorsed by the fashionable world. 48 Bond St., N. Y., and of druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

Visitors to the International Exposition at Philadelphia should not fail to see the "Fisher Refrigerator," now on exhibition and in operation at K 11 Agricultural Hall. Address, J. Hyde Fisher, P. O. Box 170, Chicago, Ill.

Landscape Gardening.—Geo. T. N. Cottam, formerly of the Central Park, lays out parks and pleasure-grounds, and attends to gardening operations generally. Address by letter, care of Frank Leslie, Esq., 537 Pearl Street, N. Y., to whom advertiser refers by permission.

It might well be said of New York City, as it has been said of London, that it is the best place in Summer time and the only place in Winter. In addition to its other attractions, it is always possible to buy the best of gold jewelry, at reasonable rates, from Mr. P. J. Nassi, No. 781 Broadway, up-stairs, opposite Stewart's.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 501 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megalithoscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

Ladies, by the use of our Magic Tints and Compounds, can change or renew the color of their Dresses, restore to freshness and brilliancy faded Silks, Merinos, Alpaca, Neckties, Ribbons, etc.; impart to washing-goods, such as Muslins, Cambrics, Lawns, etc., new and lovely shades, renew or change them at pleasure with little trouble, in a short space of time, at the cost of a few cents. Circular sent, with samples and particulars. KEARNEY CHEMICAL WORKS, 66 Cortlandt Street, New York. Box 3,139, P. O.

Among the Foreign Exhibitors who received prizes for the excellence of their exhibits, stands the name of Messrs. Henckell & Co., of Mayence. The Hock Wines speak for themselves. It is useless for us to praise their excellent qualities—the delicate bouquet flavors—of the different brands. They are too well known through Europe and America. Mr. Charles Graef, who has represented the firm in this city for many years past, has the entire charge, and much credit is due to him for the manner in which he has introduced and sustained the Wines in the country.

Indiana and Ohio State Elections!—Money lost by betting can be speedily recovered! How to do it! Have you lost money by betting or otherwise on the Indiana or Ohio State elections? Then, we can tell you how to get it back: Buy a ticket, or tickets, in the Kentucky Cash Distribution Company, of Frankfort, Ky., which, being authorized by the Legislature, and managed by ex-Governor Thos. P. Porter, General Manager, and other leading men of the State, is bound to be fairly and honestly conducted. The first grand cash gift is \$100,000, with 11,155 other gifts: tickets only \$12. It is understood that the sale of tickets have been unparalleled in all parts of the country; that they will probably bring a premium before the date of drawing, on 30th November next; and that a full drawing is already assured. If you have lost money by the elections, therefore, do not rush off to the Black Hills to retrieve your losses; but invest at once in the Kentucky Cash Distribution Company. If you have any scruples, remember that Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin both approved of just such a "lottery" as the "Kentucky Cash Distribution Company." G. W. Barrow & Co., 710 Broadway, New York, are General Eastern Agents.

The Efficiency of Advertising.—A gentleman well known about town stepped into Hubba's Advertising Agency the other day, and said that his family were very much distressed at not hearing from a brother for several years, that they last heard from him in California, and he wished to advertise for him in several California papers. Mr. H. gave him the rates of each paper, and he wrote the copy for the ad. "Desiring information, etc.," and the bargain was closed. The ad. was sent to the Far West the same evening, and so quickly did it travel and do its work that the second day afterwards the gentleman received a long letter from the absentee. Such promptness was indeed remarkable, but of course it only showed what printer's ink would do!—*New Haven Register.*

The Centennial Awards—"Foolish Bombast."
There is positively no ground whatever for the ridiculous and contradictory claims put forth by some of the sewing-machine companies, that their particular machines have received higher honors than others. The awards are all of the same grade, and no exhibit is pronounced best of its class. The Judges' reports, not yet published, will give the special merits of each exhibit. The Willcox & Gibbs new automatic machine has taken all the honors obtainable.

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Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Indigestion, General Debility, Loss of Flesh and Appetite, and all diseases arising from Poverty of the Blood, radically cured by

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STINER'S NEW YORK & CHINA TEA CO.,
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All orders will meet prompt attention.

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Choice assortment of Plants, Seeds, Bulbs, and Florists' Fancy Articles.

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Ready-Made Suits,
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We will start you in a business you can make \$50 a week without capital; easy and respectable for either sex. Agents' Supply Co., 261 Bowery, N. Y.

A 6-Inch Constant Ventilator, \$1.
Propels in a gentle wind 50 cubic feet of air per minute. The celebrated Hatters, Dunlap & Co., write, "Your Ventilators have become a necessity." The well-known Mr. Mallard, under Fifth Avenue Hotel, says, "We think highly of your Constant Ventilators for preventing steam and frost on show windows, and also for supplying pure air without draughts." Sent by express, on receipt of above amount, or by mail for \$1.10.
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50 VISITING CARDS in a nice case, 25 cents. Samples, 3 cents. Agents wanted. S. E. Foss & Co., Campello, Mass.

NB 100 DECALCOMANIE PICTURES, 50 cts.; highly colored and beautiful; easily transferred to any object. 50 Gem Chromos, 50 cts. 50 Embossed Pictures, 50 cts.; choice samples of either 10 cts. Chromos, Steel Engravings, Photographs, Fancy Papers, Perforated Motives, Games, Books, &c. **WAX FLOWER MATERIAL.**—Box of Material and Instructions for making several fine vases of Ivy Leaves, 50 cts. 22 page catalogue free with every order. All post-paid. Agents wanted. J. L. FATTEN & CO., 162 William St., New York.

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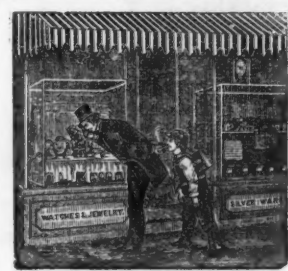
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CENTENNIAL SOUVENIRS.

THE Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia is about to close. Over one million articles of Foreign manufacture, prepared expressly for exhibition with great care and expense, and which have gratified the throng of visitors, and added materially to the interest and success of the enterprise, are now in the Exhibition Halls. The Foreign exhibitors expected, through the representations of the projectors of the Exhibition, to find a ready sale for these articles, and thus be reimbursed the cash outlay of their extensive preparations. The financial condition of the country has prevented this, and the original cases in which the goods were forwarded having been destroyed, great additional expenses would have to be borne by the unfortunate exhibitors in repacking their goods. In view of these facts, prominent projectors of the Centennial Exhibition, anxious to alleviate this distress and at the same time give a wide distribution to these articles of Utility, Curiosity, Ornament and Art as "Souvenirs," have arranged with the various Foreign exhibitors for 1,000,000 of these exhibits to be given, one of each, to every subscriber to FRANK LESLIE'S HISTORICAL REGISTER OF THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION, published in 10 parts 32 pp. each, or bound in cloth, half morocco, and full morocco, gilt. These Souvenirs—articles exhibited at Philadelphia for competitive display, and located in the schedule—will be recognized by all visitors, and will be shipped to subscribers direct from the Centennial Grounds. The various values ranging upwards to \$1,500 for a single Souvenir (and in cases of rare foreign curiosities of unknown values, being the only ones of the class in the United States), render it necessary to make an average distribution in the order in which the subscriptions are received. As a limit, the First Distribution will be made at once of 10,000 Souvenirs to the first 10,000 subscribers. When 20,000 subscribers are enrolled the second distribution will be made; a third distribution when 30,000 is reached, and distributions thus continued until the Souvenirs are exhausted. Delivery of articles cannot be made until after the close of the Exhibition, but subscribers will be notified of the character of the Souvenir immediately after each distribution, when they will indicate the proper shipping directions.

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Meals 25 cents and upwards to order.
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\$600,000 IN GIFTS!

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DRAWING POSITIVELY
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OR MONEY REFUNDED.

A Fortune for only \$12.

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Authorized by special act of the Kentucky Legislature, for the benefit of the Public Schools of Frankfort, will have the first of their series of Grand Drawings at Major Hall, in the City of Frankfort, Ky., Thursday, Nov. 30th, 1876, on which occasion they will distribute to the ticket-holders the immense sum of

\$600,000

Thos. P. Porter, ex-Gov. Ky., Gen. Manager.

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One Grand Cash Gift.....	\$100,000
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100 Cash Gifts of 500 each.....	50,000
100 Cash Gifts of 400 each.....	40,000
100 Cash Gifts of 300 each.....	30,000
200 Cash Gifts of 200 each.....	40,000
600 Cash Gifts of 100 each.....	60,000
10,000 Cash Gifts of 12 each.....	120,000
Total, 11,156 Gifts, All Cash.....	600,000

PRICE OF TICKETS.
Whole Tickets, \$12; Halves, \$6; Quarters, \$3; 9 Tickets, \$100; 27 1/2 Tickets, \$300; 40 1/2 Tickets, \$600; 95 1/2 Tickets, \$1,000; 100,000 Tickets at \$12 each.
The Hon. E. H. Taylor, Mayor of Frankfort, the entire Board of City Councilmen, the Hon. Alvin Duvall, late Chief Justice of Kentucky, and other distinguished citizens, together with such other disinterested persons as the ticket-holders present may designate, will superintend the drawing.
The payments of gifts to owners of prize tickets is assured. A bond, with heavy penalty and approved security, has been executed to the Commonwealth of Kentucky, which is now on record in Clerk's Office of County Court at Frankfort, subject to inspection of any one. This is a new feature, and will absolutely secure the payment of gifts.
Remittances can be made by Express, Draft, Post Office Money Order or Registered Letter, made payable to Kentucky Cash Distribution Company.
All communications, orders for Tickets and applications for Agencies, should be addressed to
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Or to
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EMPIRE LAUNDRY,
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One Rotary Machine, cutting four feet long and four feet diameter.
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GIBSON'S BUILDINGS,
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THESE BATHS are the largest and most complete in the city. They combine the best features of the two most noted and valuable systems of bathing—the Russian and Turkish. The Russian, in the application of vapor, and the manner of cleansing the skin, together with a series of douches and plunges, thus effecting relaxation and reaction, procuring a powerful and invigorating effect; the Turkish, in the luxurious shampooing of the whole body.

The use of cold water does not involve such violent shocks as is generally supposed. There is no discomfort attending the process; but, on the contrary, the sensations produced are of so pleasing a nature as to render these baths the means of real luxury.

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It Costs Less, and will Outwear the Best of any Other.

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The "Celebrities of the Day" Prize Stationery Package, besides being the largest and very best offered, contains an Imperial Photograph of the most eminent STATESMEN, DIVINES, ACTORS, ACTRESSES, etc., and gives an Order on a Broadway clothier for a Fashionable Suit of Clothes, also Gold Watch.
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The best, cheapest, heaviest and strongest Rotary Power Printing Press on the Globe. For Printers' and Amateurs' use. Send 10 cents for Illustrated Catalogue to
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Presses from \$1.50 to \$350.

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7-Shot Revolver. Weight 7 oz.; shoots 22 long or short cartridge, and warranted. Price \$5.00; also a 7-shot Revolver, full Nickel plated, \$3.50. Either of the above sent by mail on receipt of price, or C. O. D. Send 10 cts. for 80-page Catalogue of Guns, Pistols, Fishing Tackle, Base-ball and Sporting Goods. **FISH & SIMPSON,** 182 Nassau St., N. Y.

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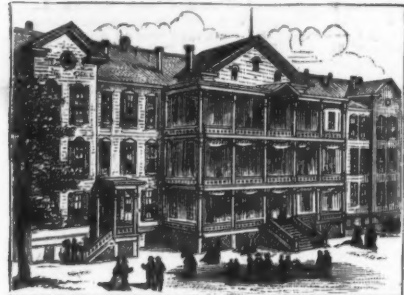
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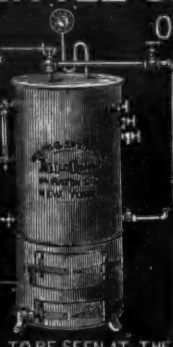
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